

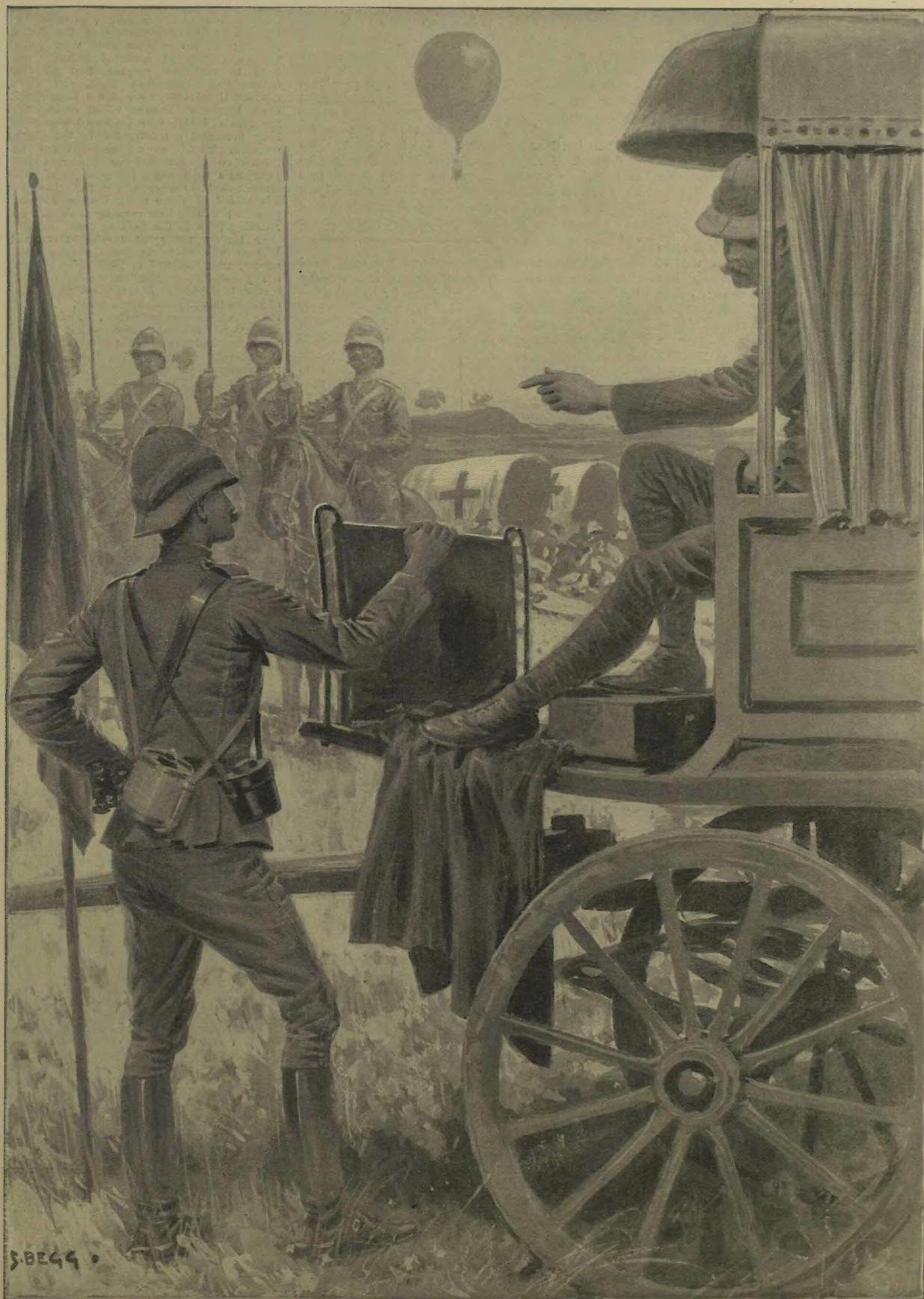
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS SIXPENCE.



GENERAL LORD METHUEN, WITH COLONEL DOUGLAS, CHIEF OF HIS STAFF, DIRECTING THE BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

Lord Methuen, who was wounded at Medder River and had not yet recovered, was seated in a native cart.—EXTRACT FROM MR. VILLIERS'S LETTER.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Some remarks in this page on American opinion of our war have brought me two characteristic letters. One comes from Jamestown, in the State of New York. "If a real cry of distress should rise from England," says the writer, "ninety per cent. of us would cross the surge, like young defending the mother." The other letter strikes a very different note. It assures me that England is just as much hated by Americans now as she was during the War of Independence. The New England farmer still shows the stranger the old flintlock musket with which his ancestor fought the British, and intimates that with a more modern weapon he would like to teach us another lesson. The American schoolboy is nurtured on the campaigns of Washington and the War of 1812. How can we expect him to grow up with any sentiment towards us save undying animosity? This agreeable message was indited in a London hotel, where, I presume, the walls are not hung with old flintlock muskets to keep the American visitor mindful of his great traditions. I can see my correspondent sitting down to his letter with a kindling eye, which glares now and then at the peaceful forms of slumbering Britons in the smoking-room, who are all-unconscious that the spirit of Washington's citizen soldiers is still triumphing over Cornwallis and Burgoyne.

Now it happens that my own humble experience enables me to enter with peculiar sympathy into the feelings which dictated this letter. I was born under the wing of the American Eagle, though I am not of her progeny. As a small boy I went to my first school in Long Island, and imbibed the grandeur of Washington from my earliest history-books. When my parents came home to England, I was sent to a school which was kept by two maiden ladies, who are enshrined in my memory after all these years as emblems of the grave, old-fashioned refinement of English gentlewomen. They were sorely puzzled, I fear, by the rebellious little Yankee of seven, who was as eager to defend the land of his birth as if he carried the old flintlock musket. This sensitiveness was diverting to his English companions. They knew much less of Washington than of William the Conqueror, and had simply never heard how the Britishers were whipped in 1812. One day, when history was read aloud, it fell to the American boy to read a passage which described how the farmers at Lexington rushed into their houses, seized their guns, and with staggering audacity attacked the English regulars. The very words came back to me now as I recall the image of the boy who declaimed them with a bursting heart, and, to the dismay of the maiden ladies, ended by banging the book on the desk in a passion of defiant tears.

It was winter, and England seemed to me a poor country. No snow, no sleighs! My beloved sledge, on which I used to sprawl at full length, and coast at a maddening speed down the Long Island hills, was now, like the flintlock musket, a relic of other days. Worse than anything was the spirit aroused in my schoolfellows by the American Civil War. They were Southerners to a knickerbocker, and instinct made me a Federal. They did not know the campaign of 1812, and yet they presumed to taunt me with the Federal rout at Bull Run. It was a bitter time for one sentimental urchin, who seemed to carry in his small bosom all the injustice of the people who had built the *Alabama*. Still, there were days of exultation. One of those moments of radiant joy which illuminate even the most chequered lifetime came to me when the famous privateer was sunk by the *Kearsage* off Cherbourg. The commander of the victorious war-ship little knew that he had avenged the injuries of a politician, aged twelve years, who, before that crowning mercy, had tasted the dregs of sorrow. More years were spent under the shadow of British prejudice. I can remember the time when a harmless, necessary device like the ballot was denounced as an attempt "to Americanise our institutions." I have lived to hear the House of Lords declared by champions of the Constitution to be as impregnable as the American Senate. Only those who have watched the expansion of the public mind in this country for thirty years can understand how the tone of English society in all ranks has changed towards the great Republic.

My friend who waves the ancestral musket suffers from a lack of perspective. He reminds me of an Englishman I met at dinner in Boston, a peppery old gentleman who said he had lived in that city for fifty years, but would not allow his bones to be buried there. They were to be sent home to Wiltshire. He spoke of 1812 with heat, and insisted that the only decent ruler America had ever known was George III. For some constant minds the world never moves. A student of history I used to know often began a conversation like this: "Let me tell you, Sir, that William of Normandy landed at Pevensey with sixty thousand of the worst rascals the universe has ever seen!" It is bad to harp on history with this personal intensity, for it makes an earnest patriot like the second of my American correspondents confuse the ideals for which Washington fought and conquered

with those of Mr. Kruger. It produces the absurd fantasy that everybody who fights the Britisher, now or a thousand years hence, must be engaged in a righteous cause. That is not the real lesson of the old flintlock musket; and if much contemplation of that revered weapon has shaped my correspondent's historical studies, I hope he will buy a Lee-Enfield rifle and hang it over his bed.

I have ventured on this snatch of autobiography to illustrate a living truth. It is sometimes well for a man to be caught young in one great country and brought up in another. Under such conditions life in England is in a peculiar sense a liberal education. Without dwelling unduly on my own case, I can see in others the effect of grafting alien sympathies upon English associations. The blend is in some respects an improvement on the original stock. The English character is often too self-contained, the alien character too nervous, suspicious, impatient of apparent airs of superiority. Mingle them, and you have broader views than are always possible to either alone. I have lately read in the *Times* an admirable letter from a German who has lived forty years among us. He says he is constantly receiving from his kinsfolk in Germany letters full of virulent abuse of England. Their ignorance pains him. They imagine that we have pursued their nation with malignity ever since the Danish War. They even think we intrigued against them in 1870, when every decently informed person knows that English sympathies were with Germany and against France.

When the world is a little more advanced, an enlightened Sovereign may propose a Peace Conference at the Hague for the purpose of considering a scheme for transplanting a certain proportion of the youth of various peoples. It is done in a certain degree now by education in foreign schools, but it needs a more sympathetic and domestic treatment than that of scholastic discipline. The young idea from Germany, or France, or Russia must learn to shoot in England with pleasanter associations than the bell for morning lessons. The English boy in Berlin, Paris, Chicago, must grow into the institutions of his adopted country, and not look at them through the spectacles of a monitor. I am not an optimist, but I imagine that if such a scheme could be patiently worked out on a considerable scale for half a century, we should find a better international understanding, and, at all events, a spirit very different from the grotesque misconception which distinguishes all the Continental criticism of England to-day. I offer this suggestion with diffidence to monarchs, statesmen, and social reformers. Care must be taken to prevent the transplanted boy from forgetting the manners and customs of his fatherland. A German who has lived many years in London told me that when he went home on a visit after a long absence, he forgot the rule which obliged members of his old club in his native city to rise from their chairs when a new-comer entered the room. The result was that an indignant citizen charged him with deliberate insult, and challenged him to a duel.

Duelling reminds me that Mr. Charles Wyndham is about to enact Cyrano de Bergerac, and that a public appeal has been made to him not to wear Cyrano's nose. The nose of M. Coquelin in the part was a formidable organ; but it was also the pivot of M. Rostand's play, and what sort of an English version can be made by cutting off this nose I cannot imagine. Cyrano's most famous deeds of swordsmanship are inseparable from his nose, for they vindicated it against cavil. His most striking speech is on the same theme. His love for Roxane is locked up in his breast because his nose would make a declaration preposterous. But for his nose, would he so unselfishly lend his art and eloquence to the young lover who, by this aid, wins Roxane's heart? In this play the nose is emphatically the supreme thing, and for Mr. Wyndham to appear without it, or with some poor pretence of a disfiguring cartilage, would disappoint me profoundly. A French actor wore that nose victoriously; why should an English actor shrink from it? This is no time for compromise. Blow, trumpet nose, a defiant blast! Up noses, and at 'em!

We call ourselves, in fervid moments, a romantic people, and demand fairy-tale, not realism, on our stage. Cyrano's nose is a piece of realism; but that makes it all the greater triumph for romance. "A Message from Mars," at the Avenue Theatre, is sheer fairy-tale; but Mr. Hawtreys' incomparable prose in the middle of the poetry—the exquisite incongruity between this purely modern and worldly self and the moral lesson enforced by a being from another planet in a dream—gives to this romance its keenest relish. Since Dickens's "Christmas Carol" I remember no such artistic effect as Mr. Hawtreys' acting in Mr. Richard Ganthony's clever fantasy. In the third act the selfish man wakes up, and is frankly delighted to find that the banknotes he was forced to give to the poor in his dream are still in his pocket-book. The change of heart comes in a moment, but it is like the awakening of the dormant instinct of good, not the thoroughgoing conversion of Scrooge, or of the arbitrary magnate in Tolstoy's "Master and Man." Mr. Hawtreys' quiet, casual, shame-faced benevolence is something to be seen and remembered.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR REVIEWED.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

We have to go as far back as Wednesday, Jan. 10, for the commencement of the extremely important, indeed momentous, operation which Sir Redvers Buller has been bringing to a head during the past week. On that date an advance was begun from Frere Camp towards Springfield on the Little Tugela, some fifteen miles distant. Owing to the heavy rain the "going" was terribly bad, and as a train of wagons some miles long had to be taken with the force, it was not surprising that the infantry of the column did not arrive at Springfield till the 12th. Preparatory to starting, Sir Redvers Buller issued a stirring order to the troops beginning with the words, "We are going to the relief of our comrades in Ladysmith. There will be no turning back!"

The order of the movement as exhibited in the subsequent tactical development of the situation was as follows: To the extreme west went Lord Dundonald with a Brigade of Mounted Infantry, which he has used to excellent purpose, first in seizing a hill commanding Potgieter's Drift, and subsequently in a smart little action near Acton Homes. Next to him came Warren's Division, which crossed the Tugela on the 17th and 18th by a pontoon bridge eighty-five yards long, presumably constructed by the Engineers for the occasion. Then came a force under the personal superintendence of Sir Redvers Buller, which crossed at Potgieter's Drift under the guns posted on the hill which Dundonald had thoughtfully seized. Lastly, a force was left behind at Frere under General Barton, in order to prevent the Boers from crossing at Colenso and taking the relieving force in the flank or rear.

Naturally the great turning movement on which Warren was bent engaged the close attention of the enemy, who hastened to meet it by a concentration on a hill called Spion Kop, and a ridge running from it still further to the west. Also they occupied in force a number of kopjes fronting Potgieter's Drift. The general drift of the operations is perfectly clear. Steadily and unflinchingly the two forces have pressed against the right flank and right front of the Boer position, and from Saturday morning for some days the fighting must have been, practically speaking, continuous. On Saturday General Clery, with part of Warren's force, fought for thirteen hours on end; and on Sunday Warren was quite as heavily engaged. Monday and Tuesday's operations appear to have been of the same character. The progress made was necessarily slow. Success in this great operation is the more important, as it means not only the relief of Ladysmith, but the cutting off of the Boers from the passes in the Drakensberg, leading into the Free State.

Sir Redvers Buller's despatch on Tuesday added to the deep anxiety felt in this country as to the issue of the "uphill" fighting. The situation was obviously critical. The General informed the Secretary for War that Sir Charles Warren on Tuesday held the position he gained on Sunday, and that "in front of him, at about 1400 yards, is the enemy's position west of Spion Kop," on higher ground than the hills gained by the British. In the artillery duel, added General Buller, "the advantage rests with us," but it was so desirable to seize Spion Kop that it was decided to attempt to storm it on Tuesday night. Meanwhile, the *Standard's* correspondent at Ladysmith telegraphed that the shell and shrapnel of the Relief Column could "be seen bursting on a ridge close to the enemy's laager."

Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener are hard at work organising the great force at their disposal on a better footing, and, *inter alia*, making better use of material hitherto frittered away to comparatively little purpose. By way of an excellent beginning a Colonial Division has been formed, and Colonel Brabant, a local officer of great distinction and experience, has been given the command with the rank of Brigadier-General, an appointment which has given universal satisfaction.

There have been no very serious developments in connection with either the force at Modder River or the troops under Gatacre and French respectively. So far as the first is concerned, a single demonstration in force has been apparently the only movement. This revealed the presence of the enemy in large numbers towards Jacobsdal, where the Boers are said to have collected a great quantity of stores, and where it is probable that the road to Bloemfontein will eventually be strongly barred.

French has continued commendably active, and may quite possibly be on the eve of an important coup. He has extended his operations to the eastward, with a view to threatening the enemy's communications still further, and in the meantime has received an important reinforcement in the shape of two 5-in. howitzers, with which he has already done considerable damage to the enemy's position near Colesberg.

Gatacre is still hampered by lack of men, and has had to be content with the movement of a small force from Bushman's Hoek to Loperberg. But he has been doing excellent work in impressing the Dutch farmers in the surrounding district with the fact that the reverse at Stormberg was a purely temporary embarrassment, and that disloyalty, such as has been somewhat rife in this quarter, is both unprofitable and positively dangerous.

Kimberley is once more in regular communication with Modder River, a signalling-station having been established at Honey Nest Kloof. The garrison appear to be quite untroubled, and Mafeking was reported "all right" on the 6th inst. There are renewed reports of a relief column from the north, and it is certain that Colonel Plumer is making a move of some sort; but his force is not a large one, and he is, doubtless, handicapped by transport difficulties.

At home an Eighth Division is in course of preparation, the command having been assigned to Major-General Sir Leslie Rundle, who was Lord Kitchener's Chief of the Staff in the advance to Khartoum, and who is now acting temporarily as Deputy-Adjutant-General of the Army. On Saturday last the second draft, some nine hundred strong, of the City Imperial Volunteers was despatched from Southampton amid great enthusiasm.

THE SISTERS: A VIGNETTE.

BY MULLETT ELLIS.

The verandah of the Grand Hotel, Zermatt, was unusually full, for a troupe of Neapolitan musicians was announced to give a concert. Among the crowd was Mrs. Jay-Gibson, a woman of the world *par excellence*, one of the most brilliant and accomplished of American women, Italian by birth, she was adopted in infancy under circumstances which made her history a romantic one.

When old Carlotta Cellini died, her two little orphan girls, Elvira and Giulietta, were adopted by Francesco Pastorelli, their uncle, a broken-down singer, who in his old age continued to love music more than anything in the world. He earned a precarious living by repairing musical instruments, and by giving lessons in singing and the violin. Now that he could himself sing no longer, his ambition was to produce a pupil who should become eminent. But his grievance was that his pupils were too poor to remain under his instruction long enough—nor did they come to him sufficiently young. But now that he had Elvira and Giulietta entirely under his control, "You will see," he said to his neighbours enthusiastically, "you will see what old Francesco can do. He has a voice no longer, but he knows how to sing. You shall see what he can do."

All day long old Francesco fiddled away on his violin, and the two children were kept for hours and hours at their singing. When their voices failed he made them play the violin or the guitar. They had the true qualities.

Rubbing his hands together gleefully, he would say—"Look you! Look at their great throats. Ah! I shall teach them. For they have the organs, look you. They have the epiglottis. It is in the family. We are born vocalists—all the Pastorellis. You remember, dear friends, Pietro, Luigi, Pepino, you remember my father's singing? Ah! there was a vocalist—if he had lived! And I, too. The whole world should have heard me but for the fever which took my voice away. Ah, well, children. Come, Elvira, *carissima mia*. Come, now, pretty ones; to work!"

And again he would draw his bow over the strings as he made them sing.

Sometimes when he saw they were ailing he would release them to run up the hillsides to inhale the fine air of Fiesole, so that their lungs might be made strong; and when they came back, merry and hungry, he would say, "Ah, but you must sing before you sup."

They had much music, but little food. Privation and poverty finished poor old Francesco before his time. He died with his violin on his shoulder and his bow in hand. He called the two children, who nursed him, his nightingales; their song, he said, was better than food or physic.

Music is sweet, but it does not nourish the body. When it was too late, everybody exclaimed how sad it was. Some of the singers at the opera-house made a collection among themselves for the children. The neighbours debated what was to be done for them, and news of the sad story reaching some kind-hearted American folk who were visiting Florence, they took one of them—Giulietta—into their hearts and adopted her. She went with them to New York, and they would have taken the little Elvira also, but an old Italian nurse who had known the child from babyhood would not hear of it. She would bring up Elvira herself, she said, and to the neighbours this seemed just. Elvira was growing up now, and she would become a nice support.

Giulietta, taken to America, was petted, educated, and well fed, and soon developed a remarkable beauty. Her fine Roman nose, her large dark eyes, her classic features, and rich ripe lips made her conspicuously attractive. But her wonderful gift of song was more striking even than her loveliness. At eighteen, when she was one of the recognised belles of New York, she was married to Mr. Jay-Gibson, and she at once took her place as one of the leaders in American society.

Very soon afterwards Mrs. Jay-Gibson made her first voyage to Europe, and visited Florence expressly to acquire news of her sister, of whom nothing had been heard for some years. She made untiring efforts to discover her or to obtain information about her. It was said by some that the old nurse in whose charge she had been left had treated her cruelly, and that the child had run away. Others said the old woman had sold her to a troupe of travelling acrobats. The most resolute inquiries, repeated again and again, bore no fruit. Elvira was lost. She was swept away among the millions of the living—or of the dead. She was out somewhere in the mystery of life—or in Eternity. No price or reward brought definite knowledge of the missing girl.

Every year Mrs. Jay-Gibson visited Europe and always spent most of her time in Italy. She was now journeying thither through Switzerland, loitering a little en route at Zermatt.

The Neapolitan singers, in their red sashes and gay costumes, had already begun the concert outside the Zermatt Hotel. The tenor had sung a ballad and the whole company a chorus before room was made on the verandah, which was already crowded, for Mrs. Jay-Gibson and her little party. She sat down listlessly as the waiter served them with coffee, and struck a match for her husband's cigar. Then a girl in the company sang a solo to the accompaniment of her guitar. In a moment Mrs. Jay-Gibson was all ears, for she knew the old song well. It was one that her old uncle Francesco had taught them in the sad days of long ago.

She listened: lost in reverie, in dreams of her childhood, of Fiesole, of Florence.

Surely that voice was not the mere echo of a memory! She sat erect. A sudden thrill swept through her. The voice was unmistakable. It was her sister's. She uttered her name with a joyful cry, "Elvira! Elvira!"

The song was abruptly concluded. Giulietta arose, advanced, and took Elvira in her arms.

So, after years, they met. A few hours of embraces, of love, of mutual gifts, of kisses, and of tears. A few days of mutual forbearance, of effort, of affection, of constraint, and of passionate altercation, a final tearful gust of weeping and of love, and then—they parted.

For those who have lived the Bohemian life can live no other. Its liberty, its unconventionality, even its hardships, are sweet to those who cannot bear the trammels of civilisation. Besides, Elvira was in love with the tenor.

THE NEW GALLERY.

The coincidence of the fervour of the directors of the New Gallery for Gothic art with the tercentenary of the birth of Van Dyck may have been undesigned. We accept it, in any case, with gratitude, for a knowledge of these works of the Early Flemish school enables us to understand some of the phases of Van Dyck's career as an artist. The interest of this section of the present exhibition is chiefly due to the liberality of Lord Northbrook, to whom has passed the collection made by the late Mr. Thomas Baring, of Sir Francis Cook of Richmond, and of M. Léon de Sonzée, a French connoisseur, whose interest in pictures is not wholly that of an amateur. It is satisfactory to find that the majority of the pictures are simply described as being of the Early Flemish school, which practically embraces the period from the rise of oil-painting in the Low Countries about the time of the elder Van Eyck at the beginning of the fifteenth century, down to Bernard van Orley, when the influence of the Renaissance made itself felt in Northern art.

The brilliant colours of the Flemish school are admitted, but we do not expect to find them undimmed or untarnished after an interval of four centuries. Happily, the original naïveté of the artists is left unimpaired, and we are able to enjoy to the utmost the treatment of the "Holy Women at the Sepulchre" (9), of the "Virgin and Child" (7) in their cottage home, and of another "Holy Family" (10), in which the Child is eating a grape (all three from Sir Francis Cook's Gallery). The subjects of the works of this early period are nearly always Scriptural, and after the Holy Family the legends of the Saints are the favourite field of the artists' fancy. One could wish that the compiler of the catalogue had been as careful as the painter in maintaining the identity of each Saint; but this is by no means the case. For instance, the Saints in the "Triptych" (26), attributed to Jacob Cornelissen, are described in disregard of all correct symbolism; and this is not a singular instance.

Of the portraits, although few surpass in interest, historic or artistic, that of Margaret of York, by Hugo van der Goes, it is hard pressed by the portraits of Mary Tudor (30), the daughter of Henry VII.; of Anne of Cleves (44); and of Engelbert, Count of Nassau (47); lent by Mr. Wickham Flower. It is possible that this portrait of Anne may have been the very one which determined Henry VIII. to take her for his wife, for it certainly gives a far more attractive rendering of "the Flemish Mary" than a picture of her exhibited at the Tudor Exhibition. Hugo van der Goes's "Magdalene" (41), the "Virgin and Child" (48) by the "Maitre de Flémalle," "Charles V." by Bernard van Orley (60), and "Elisabeth of Savoy" (95), are among the other gems of the collection.

The North Room is set apart for the works of Rubens, which are not to everybody's taste, his vigour and robustness being hastily dismissed as vulgar. This is not the place to discuss this question, and still less can one form an adequate idea of Rubens' talents from the forty works attributed to him—on many which he probably did not do a couple of hours' work. The set of sketches lent by Mr. Smith Barry and others should, however, carry conviction as to Rubens' mastery of his art as a draughtsman.

In the South Room, the British artists who in portraiture and landscape owed much to the school of Rubens find a place. Among these Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, and Hoppner are the most prominent, and many of the specimens of their work are excellent, though by this time pretty well known. The place of honour is properly accorded to Mrs. Nesbitt (190), who was one of the many ladies to whom rumour married the first Duke of Wellington, and who in reality first made Norwood known to the fashionable world—but long after this portrait of her was painted by Reynolds. Anne Luttrell, the Duchess of Cumberland (195), one of the "causes" of the Royal Marriage Act, is the best of the Gainsborough portraits; and most people will prefer on this occasion Romney's Lady Holt (176) to the same artist's Lady Hamilton (192); while Hoppner is best represented by a nameless "Gentleman" (197), who deserves identification, for his face suggests that he must have played his part well in whatever world he lived.

PORTRAITS AT THE GRAFTON.

The Society of Portrait Painters, which is holding its ninth annual exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, has been able to give a South African interest to its display, not only by the portraits of Lord Roberts and other British officers now at the front, but by a very excellent picture of General Joubert, painted some years ago by Mlle. Thérèse Schwartz. It represents a man with a broad, powerful face, a certain keenness or cunning in the eyes, and suggests the thought that this stern Republican is not altogether superior to gold lace and decorations. Another noteworthy feature of the exhibition is the paucity of children's portraits. Some few years ago the walls of every picture-gallery were overloaded with this sort of work, but they were generally forward, artificial, overdressed dolls—not the real children of Van Dyck and Reynolds. In the Grafton Galleries, with the exception of a charming little damsel in a print dress, called "Lady Crayen," painted by Carolus Duran, there is scarcely an attempt to touch upon children's portraits. On the other hand, the somewhat dour view of portraiture affected by the Scotch school is represented with considerable strength by Mr. James Guthrie's "W. R. Macdonell," Mr. Lorimer's "C. Im Thurn" and "Sir David Chalmers." The ladies are, however, treated less prosaically; and Mr. Lavery's "Mrs. Hoare" and "Lady Young" and Mr. Macbeth-Raeburn's "Nurse Ann" are decidedly attractive in their various ways. M. Bastien-Lepage's portrait of Lady Alma-Tadema, taken some years ago, is well placed beside Sir L. Alma-Tadema's version of his wife and daughter. Mr. G. F. Watts's rendering of Mr. Claude Montefiore's thoughtful but sad face is among the best of the artist's later achievements. The Hon. J. Collier, Mr. Blake Wigram, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, and Mr. C. H. Shannon are among those who contribute much to the generally good effect produced by the collection.

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THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

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AT A FREE STATE TOLL-DAR. BY THE SYMPHONY OF THE LAST CENTURY. By Alexander Innes Shand.
BY THE WATERS OF MARAH. A HUMOROUS OF AN IRISH COUNTRY TOWN. BY Ernest Kinsler.
THE MYSTERY OF LORD EATMERE. ISRAEL WALTON'S LIFE OF DONNE. BY Andrew Lang.
MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY. BY THE ISLE OF USKRE. Chapters I-V. By One of the Old School.
By Henry Seton Merriman.
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NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

THE WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.

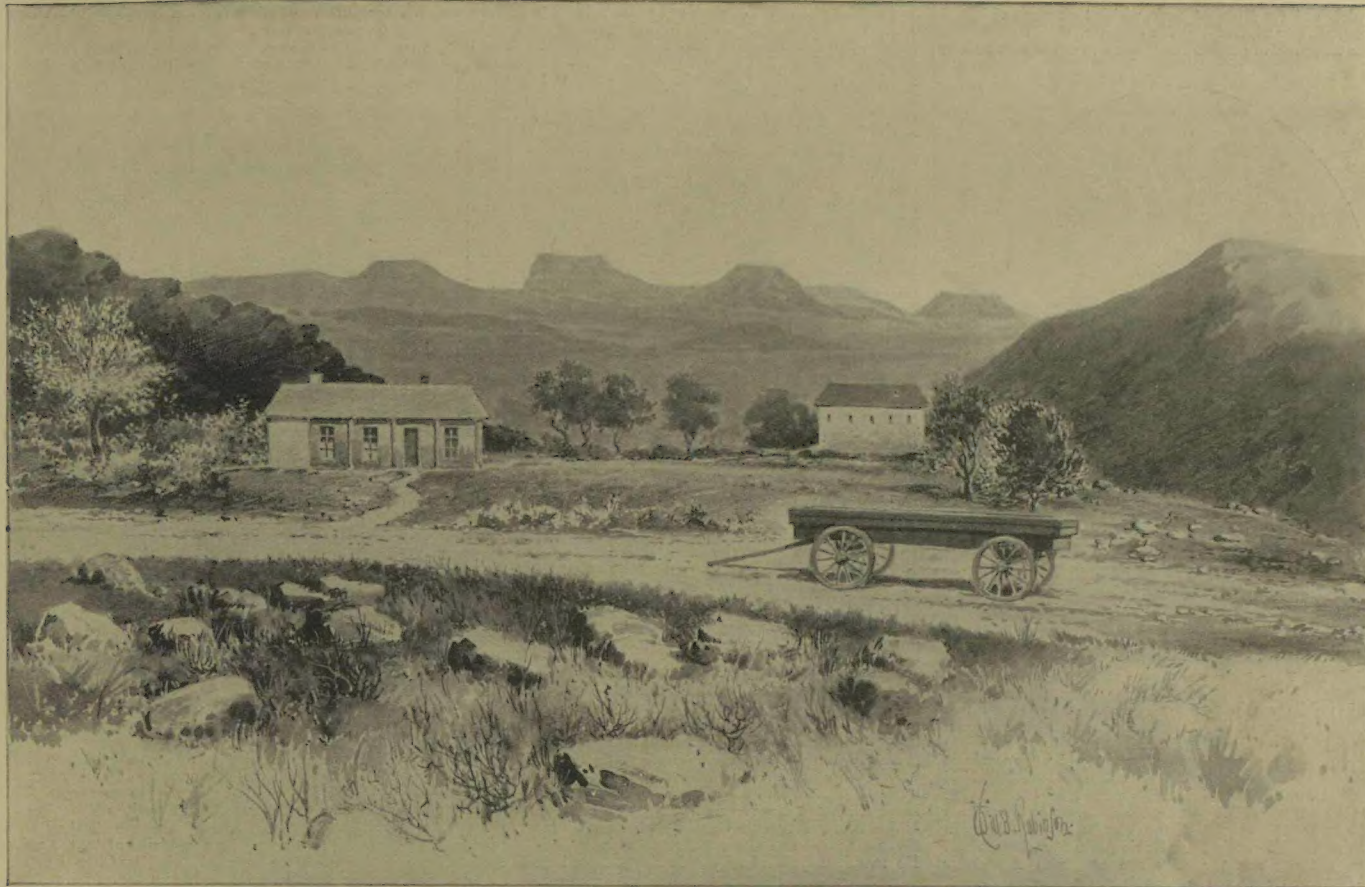


A BOER TRENCH SURPRISED AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

In this trench forty-seven Boers, after a plucky defence, were bayoneted by the Highlanders.—EXTRACT FROM MR. VILLIERS'S LETTER.

THE WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.



OUR FIRST HEADQUARTERS BEYOND THE TUGELA: SPEARMAN'S FARM, LOOKING WEST TOWARDS ACTON HOMES, THE DRAKENSBERG, AND MONT-AUX-SOURCES.

FROM A SKETCH BY DR. DIMOCK BROWN.

The Valley of the Tugela is on the immediate right, the river being several hundred feet lower; the road past the house goes down to the drift across the Tugela; the hills on either bank of the river are here almost precipitous.



CHRISTENING "JOE CHAMBERLAIN."

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

The first shot—a Lyddite shell—fired from the 4.7 in. gun from H.M.S. "Doris," which had been christened by the bluejackets "Joe Chamberlain," was most successful, falling within the enemy's trenches in the hope on the left of the picture.—EXTRACT FROM MR. VILLIERS'S LETTER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE DUKE OF TECK.

The death of the Duke of Teck, which took place at White Lodge, Richmond, last Sunday evening, ended an illness of the mind of long duration. The last time the Duke was

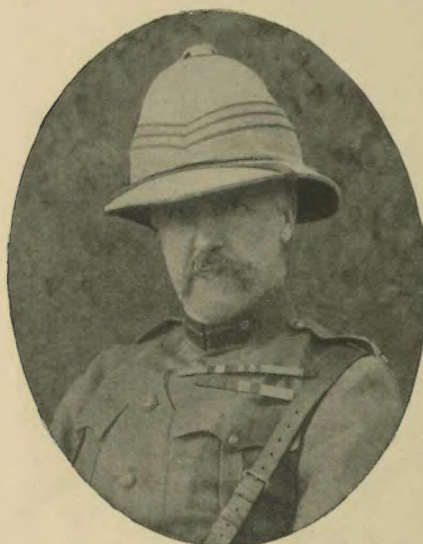


Photo. Knight

MAJOR-GENERAL LYTTELTON,
THE FIRST OFFICER TO CROSS THE TUGELA RIVER.

seen in public was in October 1897, when he attended, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the funeral of the Duchess. Since then he had lived in the strictest seclusion at White Lodge, with a doctor and two attendants; and the paralytic attack which ended his life was so sudden and so severe that he passed away before his daughter, the Duchess of York, could be summoned from Sandringham. The three sons of the Duke are, as is well known, serving with the Army in South Africa. Francis Paul Louis Alexander, Prince and Duke, G.C.B., was the only son of Duke Alexander of Württemberg and the Countess de Hohenstein, whosemorganatic marriage was not formally recognised by the German Courts, otherwise the Duke and his children would have been in the direct line of succession to the kingdom of Württemberg. Like his father, who was a General of Cavalry in the Austrian service, the Duke followed the profession of arms, and was present at Solferino. In 1866, while on a visit to England, he attended at Brighton a great Volunteer Review, at which was also present Princess Mary of Cambridge. Between the handsome visitor, with a good-nature that made him at once popular, and the philanthropic young Princess, already a general favourite, a marriage was shortly afterwards celebrated by Archbishop Longley in the little church at Kew. The first years of their married life, which, despite the £3000 a year voted by Parliament to the Duchess, had some vicissitudes of fortune, were passed at Kensington Palace, where their daughter and their three sons were born. In 1882 the Duke went to Egypt on the staff of General Lord Wolseley, and was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Subsequently he was gazetted a Colonel and a Major-General in the British Army, while being at the same time in Germany a Colonel and a Lieutenant-General. In 1883 the Duke and Duchess went abroad to economise, and certain properties of the Duchess were sold in London at public auction. After a longish sojourn in the Tyrol and in Italy, they returned to London, where Lady Marion Alford lent them her house in Prince's Gate, after which they took up their residence at White Lodge. The greatest events in the later life of the Duke of Teck were the engagement of his daughter, Princess May, to the Duke of Clarence, the death of the Duke, and the subsequent marriage of the Princess with the Duke of York. The Duchess of Teck—herself a granddaughter of George III.—lived long enough to nurse a grandson who is in the direct succession to the Crown. The Duchess of York, who was called upon to mourn the sudden death of her mother a little more than two years ago, is now again plunged into grief by the death of her other parent, whose mortal remains will lie in St. George's Chapel, side by side with those of "the good Princess Mary." The children born to the Duke and Duchess of Teck at Kensington Palace are Princess Victoria Mary (the Duchess of York) in 1867, Prince Adolphus in 1868, Prince Francis Joseph in 1870, and Prince Alexander in 1874. Prince Adolphus, who is in the 17th Lancers, was married in 1884 to Lady Margaret Grosvenor,

OUR WAR PICTURES.

In addition to the portrait of General Sir Redvers Buller, forming the Coloured Supplement to this number, we are again enabled to present our readers with a striking series of pictures from our Artists at the front. Mr. Melton Prior has at last been able to get through from Ladysmith one of his large pictures, which our readers will remember he said in his last letter he feared to entrust to native runners. He resolved, however, to make nine tracings of his work, and each of these he entrusted to a separate runner. One packet has got through safely, and of the drawings in this the most notable picture forms our double-page illustration. It gives a panoramic view of the bombardment of Ladysmith, taken from Maiden's Post. In the foreground a small party of Highlanders are holding the redoubt defended by sand-bags. Two heliographs appear to the left, and an officer is observing through his telescope the enemy's guns posted on Bulwana Hill. Close to the great gun there a lyddite shell is seen bursting, throwing up a huge cloud of earth. The main buildings of Ladysmith are clearly indicated by Mr. Prior's notes on his sketches, and it will be seen, as already announced in the papers, that the Town Hall, which is used as a hospital, is not exempt from the enemy's shell-fire. Just beyond the Town Hall our own naval guns are seen in action upon the rising ground. Maiden's Post, otherwise called Maiden's Castle, from which Mr. Prior has made his sketches, is situated about a mile and a half south-west of Ladysmith. Bulwana Mountain is almost due east, Lombard's Kop to the north-east, Popworth's Hill almost due north. The river running round, the town is the Klip, and the road-bridge running east and west is seen to be still intact.

One of Mr. Prior's sketches shows General White congratulating the Natal Volunteers on their excellent exploit in capturing the gun on Lombard's Kop, and another shows the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade fighting its way back after the magnificent exploit under Sir Archibald Hunter, when our forces destroyed the guns on Surprise Hill. The picture shows the last company of the Rifles clearing a donga, and on the left is graphically depicted the incident where an old Boer thrust himself between Captain Paley, who lay wounded on the ground, and a compatriot who was about to dispatch him. With the united arguments of persuasion and force, and the suggestiveness of the butt-end of his musket, the elder Boer compelled the other to desist, and saved the gallant Captain's life. Our portraits on this page include one of General Lyttelton, who was the first British officer to cross the Tugela River. General Lyttelton, with his Brigade and a howitzer battery, crossed the river at Potgieter's Drift on Dec. 18. Major-General Neville Gerald Lyttelton commands the Second Division of the 1st Army Corps in South Africa. He saw distinguished service in Egypt from 1882 to 1898.



Photo. Gunn and Stuart.

THE LATE DUKE OF TECK.

In further explanation of his sketch of an isolated affair in the trenches at Magersfontein, Mr. Frederic Villiers writes: "In the night march on the Boer position, the Highland Brigade passed an advance Boer trench in the dark. It was only when the Highlanders retired under the terrible hail of bullets from the main attack, that they struck the trench in question. Forty-seven Boers holding the advance position pluckily stood their ground, and were bayoneted. The wounded were all brought into Lord Methuen's camp."

THE "A.M.B." PATRIOTIC CONCERT.

Probably the most remarkable concert of this or any time was that organised by the *Daily Mail* in aid of the "Absent-Minded Beggar" War Fund, and held at the Albert Hall on Jan. 20. The liveliest of morning journals, with a versatility which well became it, conceived the brilliant idea of assembling at our great musical centre the chief brass bands of the provinces, and of getting Sir Arthur Sullivan to



Photo. F. Jenkins.

THE LATE MR. R. D. BLACKMORE.

Reproduced by courteous permission of Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., Ltd.

conduct them in his latest composition. The idea at once became popular, and the famous bands from north, south, east, and west, particularly from the north, including the Besses o' the Barn, the Black Dyke Band, the Hucknall Temperance Band, assembled in the orchestra, and played their very best. The concert began with Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Onward, Christian Soldiers," sung by Mademoiselle Bertha Rossow, with a magnificently broad accompaniment by the massed bands and organ. Madame Albani, Miss Clara Butt, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Andrew Black sang, and from start to finish the performance went without a hitch. To those who like such things it was, doubtless, most enjoyable.

THE LATE MR. BLACKMORE.

Mr. R. D. Blackmore, the novelist, whose fame rests most securely upon his masterpiece, "Lorna Doone," died at Teddington on Jan. 20. Richard Doddridge Blackmore was born at Longworth, in Berkshire, on June 9, 1825. His father was the Rev. John Blackmore, and on his mother's side he was descended from the great Nonconformist divine, Philip Doddridge. Young Blackmore was sent to school at Tiverton, and was entered at Peter Blundell's famous foundation, which he has immortalised as the school of John Ridd—the most glorious of virile characters in fiction. From Blundell's Mr. Blackmore proceeded to Exeter College, which he entered as a scholar. His achievements in the class lists were creditable, without being particularly distinguished. In 1847 he took his B.A. degree in due course. Two years later he entered as a student at the Middle Temple, and in 1852 was called to the Bar, where for a time he practised as a conveyancer. He had sufficient leisure, however, from his law studies to devote himself to literary pursuits, and in 1854 appeared his "Poems by Melanther," which fell stillborn from the press. Another volume, entitled "Epuilias," came out in the succeeding year, with equally ineffectual results. His health now caused his withdrawal from London to quiet rural surroundings, and the necessity of finding a remunerative industry led him to take up market-gardening, varying the practical toils of the soil by the composition of a poetic translation of the first and second Georgics. 1864 and 1865 saw his novels "Clara Vaughan" and "Craddock Nowell," but the success of these was not such as to outshine that of the market-garden. At length, however, in 1869, "Lorna Doone: a Romance of Exmoor," revealed to the world that it held yet another great novelist. For this, Mr. Blackmore's succeeding works have been appreciated, although they were not in themselves without merit, and it seems not an extravagant prophecy to forecast that upon "Lorna Doone" the novelist's fame must always rest. A year or two ago he again returned to poetry, and published a little book, "Fringilla," enriched by quaint woodcuts, which, if not great verse, was, at least, interesting. In private life Mr. Blackmore was a man to know,

PERSONAL.

The disappearance of the long-familiar style and title, Sir Stafford Northcote, leaves a blank in the public life of England; yet no one will grudge, even on that account, the elevation of the second son of the first Earl of Idlesleigh to the rank of Lord Northcote of Exeter, on his appointment as Governor of Bombay. He was born in 1846, and after the common course at Eton and at Merton College, Oxford, he entered the Foreign Office as a clerk in 1868. As private secretary to Lord Salisbury and to his own father during his leadership of the House of Commons, as Financial Secretary to the War Office, as Surveyor-General of Ordnance and as Charity Commissioner, his years have been well employed, and he has laid deep foundations for the successful administration of the business of his new post. He has sat in the House of Commons for twenty years as Conservative member for Exeter.

Lady Northcote of Exeter, who accompanies her husband to Bombay, was the adopted daughter of the first Baron Mount Stephen, and, marrying young, she has already celebrated the silver jubilee of her wedding. The popularity of Lady Northcote among her husband's constituents was sufficiently shown when, the other day, he was accorded the honorary Freedom of the City of Exeter and entertained at luncheon. The Mayor then said that "to express properly their feelings for her Ladyship, only four very short words were necessary—'they all loved her.'" The casket—the work of a local jeweller, Mr. Lisle—containing the diploma of the city's Freedom, was not the only gift of the citizens. There was also a purse of sovereigns, to be devoted to the endowment of a bed in the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital. Besides the luncheon, the Exeter festivities in honour of the departing new Freeman and his wife included a very picturesque torchlight procession.

Colonel the Earl of Dundonald, whose name has been on all lips in connection with the relief of Ladysmith, was born in 1852, and succeeded his father, the eleventh Earl, in 1885. He was educated at Eton, and he married Winifred, daughter of Mr. R. Bamford-Hesketh. In 1870 he entered the 2nd Life Guards; he served in the Nile Expeditions of 1884-85, and for five years has been Colonel in command of his regiment. In warlike fame, to which his own exertions are now contributing, the family of which he is the head has already a high place; for it was the tenth Earl, better known as Lord Cochrane, who destroyed Napoleon's fleet in the Basque Roads in 1809.

Dr. George Stoker, the chief of the staff and director of Lord Iveagh's Irish hospital for South Africa, has an exceptional record of war-experience, having served in the Russo-Turkish War, the Servian Campaign, and the Zulu War with the Stafford House ambulance. For his distinguished services he received the Turkish Order of the Medjidieh and various other decorations. He is one of the few British subjects who were present in Plevna and Erzeroum during the sieges of those places. His experience of the care of the wounded is very large, and as an organiser of hospitals in the field he is probably unrivalled.

The *Standard*, may be congratulated on its new Editor. An honour to journalism, Mr. W. H. Mudford had distinguished himself by such a rare combination of qualities as guiding spirit of the great Conservative daily for a long period that it was naturally difficult to select a fit successor on his retirement. But Mr. Mudford made a most successful choice. He handed over the reins to his trusty chief Assistant-Editor for a score of years, Mr. George Byron Curtis, whose portrait we have the pleasure of giving. Mr. Curtis possesses remarkable ability and sound judgment, and cannot fail to sustain the high repute of the *Standard* in assuming the supreme editorial control, a task which his

practical experience will render easy even in following so powerful a chief as Mr. Mudford.

The Marquess of Lothian, who has died at the age of sixty-seven, was the inheritor of many family honours. He was Earl as well as Marquess of Lothian, Lord Newbottle, Baron of Jedburgh, Earl of Ancrum, Baron Kerr of Nisbet and Baron Kerr of the United Kingdom, Baron Long-Newton, Viscount of Briene, and other things besides. To his hereditary honours he added many personal claims, entitling him to the goodwill of his contemporaries. He was a particularly amiable man, with studious tastes. After leaving New College, Oxford, he entered the diplomatic service, serving in succession the Embassies at Frankfurt, Madrid, and Vienna. At home he took office in various useful departments, being Secretary for Scotland, Keeper of the Great Seal, Vice-President of the Council of Education for Scotland, Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, President of the Society of Antiquaries and of the Geographical Society of Scotland, and Captain-

the numbers engaged that have befallen Regular troops during the war. The capture of eighty or ninety men, including two officers, the wounding of four other officers, and the deaths of another four—these were catastrophes enough and to spare. But an accent was given even to these by the fact that one of these officers who fell, and the one who was first to fall, was Colonel Arthur John Watson, an officer who was gallantest among the gallant. He was born in 1863, had an honourable mention in Bechuanaland in 1884, took part in the Hazara Expedition of 1888, and went with the Chitral Relief Force in 1895.

The death of Mr. George Warrington Stevens, the brilliant war-correspondent, took place in Ladysmith, and was due to enteric fever. Born at the end of 1869, he had kept his thirtieth birthday less than a month before his death. The City of London School and Balliol College, Oxford, were responsible for his education; and despite his whimsical statement

that his own boyish ambition was to be a greengrocer, his vocation for penmanship was early and marked. He was little more than twenty-three when he joined the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, where his fastidious tastes and fighting humour made themselves pronouncedly apparent. But it was not until he joined the *Daily Mail*—whose correspondent he was when he was struck down—that his qualities as a special reporter and as a describer of current history were brought into full play, and received their full recognition from a public that wearied of the old conventions. Mr. Stevens, who did not live long enough to stale his own style or to see it staled by others, was the author of several books—such as, "Naval Policy," "Monologues of the Dead," the "Land of the Dollar," "With Kitchener to Khartum," and, last of all, "The Tragedy of Dreyfus."

Lord Roberts is understood to have countermanded the sending of more cavalry to South Africa solely on account of the unfitness of the English horse for the country and the climate. The horse question has always been vital to the campaign, yet when a South African merchant bought 15,000 Basuto ponies, and offered them to the War Office at cost price, the offer was refused.

Mrs. Wauchope has denied in emphatic terms the story that the last letter she received from her husband expressed his belief that the orders he had received from Lord Methuen would send him to his death. The mischances of this war have produced such a mass of baseless rumours that it is necessary to regard all the unaccredited statements flying from South Africa with the utmost caution.

Mr. Ruskin was a wealthy man, and he spent a good deal of money on vain experiments. One of these was a tea-shop. He put the business in the hands of two excellent ladies, and left it to commend itself without advertising. This amiable disregard for commercial principles had the natural result. Ruskin thought it was because the competitors in the neighbourhood burnt so much gas to illuminate their windows.

Sir Lewis Morris has been protesting against the scrappiness of modern journalism. He says that after reading many pages of paragraphs on a great variety of subjects he had a dizziness, a pain in the brow, and found it was brain fatigue. He need not have read all those paragraphs, for there is an art of reading which skips the unessential and leaves the prudent reader with all the information he needs, and no dizziness. Sir Lewis Morris should learn how to read newspapers, and then he would save his brain from overwork.

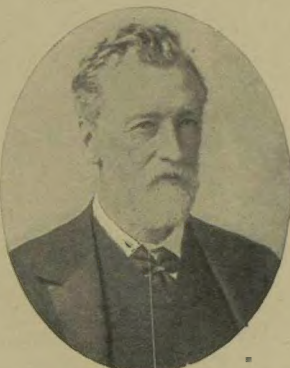


Photo. Dickinson.
THE LATE MARQUESS OF LOTHIAN.



Photo. Scott and Sons, Exeter.
LADY NORTHCOTE.



Photo. Scott and Sons, Exeter.
LORD NORTHCOTE OF EXETER.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
COLONEL A. J. WATSON
(1st Suffolk Regiment, Killed, Colesberg).



Photo. Foucaux
COLONEL THE EARL OF DUNDONALD.



Photo. Pym.
DR. GEORGE STOKER,
Director of Lord Iveagh's Irish Hospital.



Photo. Russell.
THE LATE SIR GEORGE LONG.



Photo. Warschawski, St. Leonards.
MR. G. BYRON CURTIS,
The New Editor of the *Standard*.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. G. W. STEVENS.

General of the Royal Corps of Archers. The Marquess married, in 1865, Victoria, daughter of the fifth Duke of Buccleuch, and is succeeded by his son, Lord Jedburgh, who is now in his twenty-sixth year.

The name of Sir George Henry Long, a well-known Mayor of Windsor, appears on the too full obituary lists of octogenarians published since the new year came in. Sir George, who practised as a solicitor, was born in 1818. He had held during his long life a great many public offices in Windsor—he had been Town Clerk, Alderman of the County Council, and Chairman of the Windsor Royal Gas Company—and was also a large owner of house property. Sir George, who was twice married, the second time to a sister of Sir C. J. Palmer, Bart., did not leave himself much time for recreation, but he was a good oarsman in his day, rowing at Henley in the Windsor four for three years, and twice victoriously. Sir George acted as election agent for Lord Beaconsfield on the occasion of many of his contests in the county of Bucks.

The attack of the Suffolk Regiment on Colesberg resulted in losses the most disastrous in proportion to

THE WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.



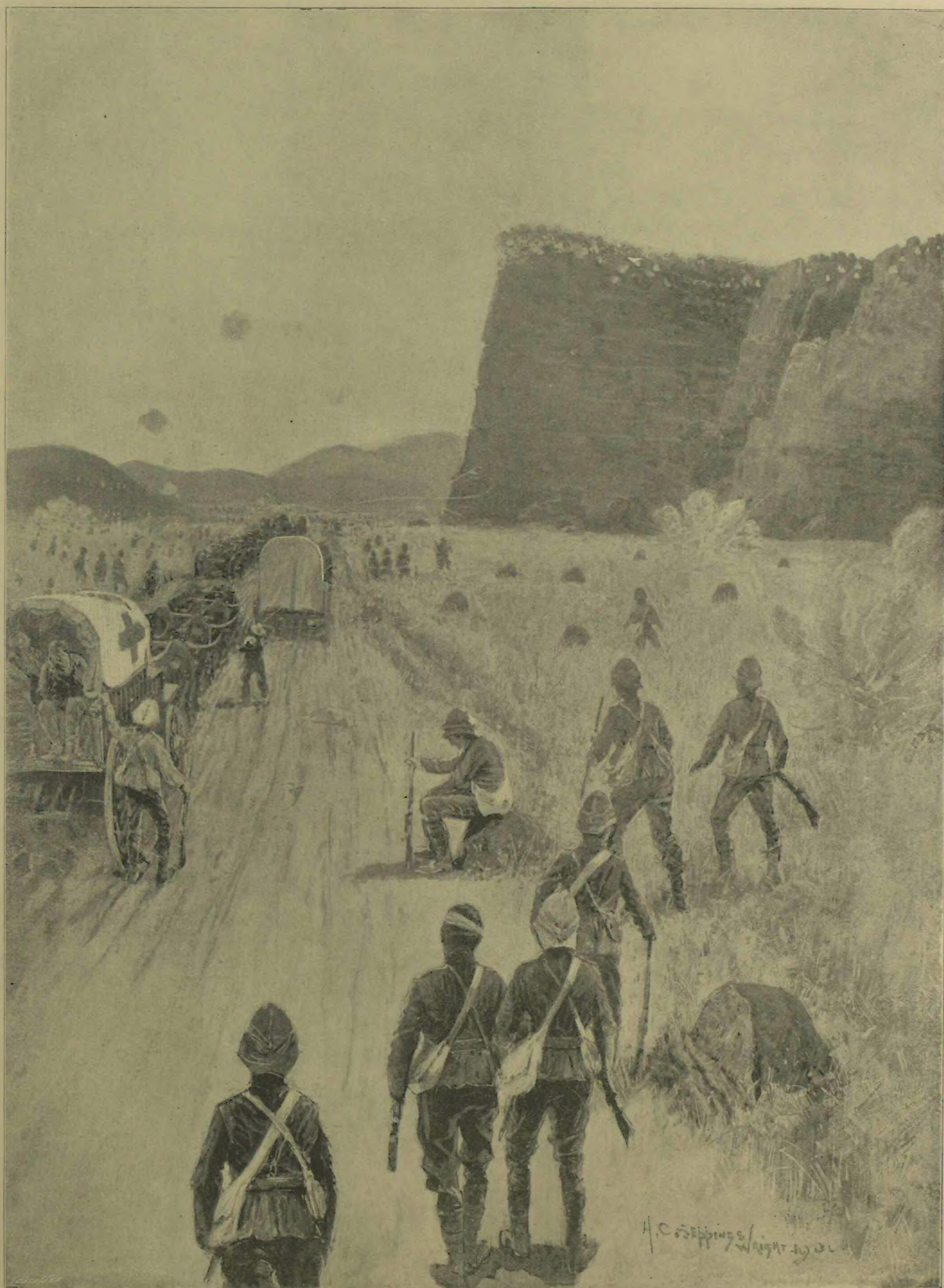
The Famous Goat of the Welsh Regiment.

"IN CLOVER."

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

On Christmas Day the ladies of Port Elizabeth gave a dinner to the Welsh Regiment and the Naval contingent in the Feather Market.—EXTRACT FROM MR. VILLIERS'S LETTER.

THE WAR: AT THE SEAT OF OPERATIONS.



AN UNPLEASANT POSITION DURING THE BRITISH RETIREMENT ON MOLTENO.

FROM A SKETCH BY SECOND LIEUTENANT T. N. F. DAVENPORT, 2ND ROYAL IRISH RIFLES.

The shells bursting on the left were fired by the Boers at about 3000 yards' range with marvellous accuracy, but did little damage, as our men were well scattered. The Boer sharpshooters occupied the high bluff to the right, but even at 300 yards failed to hit a single British soldier. The road winding across the plain leads to Molteno.



THE "A.M.B." FESTIVAL AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

Photo. Fradette and Young.

A Patriotic Concert by the leading bands of the United Kingdom, organised in aid of the War Fund by the "Daily Mail," was held on January 20, and proved a tremendous success. Three hundred bandsmen took part in the performance.

THE WAR: WITH LORD METHUEN'S FORCE.



THE LERKSHIRE REGIMENT, IN THEIR SHIRT-SLEEVES, ON A MURBLED MARCH TO PINCHAM'S SEK.

Photograph by Horace Nichols, Johannesburg.



CAMP ON THE ORANGE RIVER.



CAMP AT STELLENBOSCH.



ON THE MODDER.



DRIVING IN SUPPLIES.

Photographs by Lieutenant H. S. Topplin, 1st Northumberland Fusiliers.



Photo, Horace Nicholas, Johannesburg.

GENERAL GATACRE'S BASE CAMP AT QUEENSTOWN.



Photo, Russell.

THE EARL OF ROSSLYN.



Photo, Russell.

LORD BINGHAM.



Photo, Russell.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR LESLIE RUNDLE.



Photo, Basson.

MAJOR-GENERAL ELLIOTT WOOD.



Photo, Robinson and Sons, Dublin.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ST. JOHN C. GORE.



Photo, Russell.

COLONEL LORD ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX.

FOR SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The order for the mobilisation, at Aldershot, of an Eighth Division for service in South Africa was speedily followed by the announcement that Major-General Sir Leslie Rundle, D.S.O., would take the command. Sir Leslie, who will be one of the youngest Generals in the field, is the son of a Captain in the Royal Navy, and his mother was the daughter of a Commander in the same service. He was born in 1856, at Newton Abbot, in Devon; was educated at Woolwich; entered the Royal Artillery in 1876; and in 1887 married Eleanor, daughter of Captain H. J. M. Campbell, R.A. By that time he had seen service in the Zulu War, in the Boer War of 1881, and in the Egyptian War of 1882, in the Nile Expedition, and with the Soudan Frontier Field Force. Subsequent work in Soudan operations culminated in his Adjutant-Generalship of the Egyptian Army, and the right-hand place he held to Lord Kitchener in the campaign that may be said to have closed with the Battle of Khartoum. Returning home, General Rundle took the command of the South-Eastern District, and three months ago

became Deputy Adjutant-General to the Forces, a post of responsibility he now leaves to take up his position at the front.

Colonel Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox has foregone the prosaic pleasures of "half-pay," and has proceeded to the Cape, keen for the most active service possible. The second son of the sixth Duke of Richmond and Gordon, he was born fifty-four years ago; and, by his marriage with Miss Blanche Maynard, he is the brother-in-law of the Duchess of Sutherland and of Lady Warwick. He was educated at Eton; served in the Navy for two or three years; entered the 1st Life Guards in 1867, and was transferred to the Grenadiers, with whom he served in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. For a couple of years he served as A.D.C. to the Duke of Cambridge, and he is an expert yachtsman, golfer, and shot.

Lord Rosslyn, who is a brother-in-law of Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, went out to South Africa, in the first instance, as the correspondent of a London daily paper. The fifth Earl of his line, he was born in 1869, and

married, when he was twenty-one, Violet, daughter of Mr. Robert Vyner. He was educated at Eton and at Oxford; he has edited a newspaper; he has appeared on the stage as Mr. James Erskine; and—what is perhaps more to the point now—for four years he was a Lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion of the Northamptonshire Regiment.

Lord Bingham, one of the organisers of a special Yeomanry Corps, is the eldest son of the Earl of Lucan, and is forty years of age. After leaving Harrow, he entered the Rifle Brigade, from which he retired. Four years ago he married Violet, daughter of Mr. J. Spender Clay.

Major-General Elliott Wood, C.B., R.E., now acting as Chief Engineer of the 1st Army Corps in South Africa, was born in 1844. He has held Staff appointments at Aldershot and in Malta, and has seen a great deal of service in Egypt. Another officer already very much on the spot in Natal is Lieutenant-Colonel St. John Corbet Gore, commanding the 5th Dragoon Guards.



COMPANY OF THE BLOOMSBURY RIFLES, WHO SAILED FOR SOUTH AFRICA ON JANUARY 20.



THE FAREWELL SUPPER GIVEN BY THE TREASURER AND BENCHERS OF GRAY'S INN TO THE C.I.V., JANUARY 10, 1900.

Photo, private and young

THE WAR: THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH



GENERAL WHITE CONGRATULATING THE NATAL VOLUNTEER FORCES ON THEIR GALLANT EXPLOIT IN CAPTURING THE GUNS ON LOMBARD'S KOP.

Photo by the Staff of the Natal Government, Mr. Milton P. J. v. R.



OUTSIDE LADYSMITH: NIGHT-SIGNALLING WITH THE SEARCH-LIGHT FROM AN ARMoured TRAIN.

The sea-coast signalling apparatus used by the besieged and the relief forces at Ladysmith has proved a source of deep irritation to the Boers, who have tried to confuse the messengers by playing their own searchlight upon the beams of our lamps. Giving this up at length, they took to flashing ironical queries to our lines.





MELTON PRIOR'S SKETCH (FACSIMILE) OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF LADYSMITH, TAKEN FROM MAIDEN'S POST (BETWEEN WAGON HILL AND CÆSAR'S CAMP).

Editorial Note.—It is difficult to see the town from Maiden's Post.

PREPARING FOR THE SPOIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The Chronicles of Paris during the whole of last week were simply the Chronicles of London "writ ironical or cantankerous," as Mark Twain would say. There was no paper either so lowly or so insignificant as to do us reverence. Colonel Mareuil de Villebois, is, according to most of the journals, large and small, repeating in South Africa the part played by La Fayette in the American War of Independence; the diary of a young Frenchman at Johannesburg, appearing at intervals in one of the dailies, is eagerly devoured; one General on active service has delivered himself in a manner which would be highly objectionable, not to say offensive, if a state of open hostility instead of a state of peace prevailed between England and France; M. de Cassagnac applies the vilest of names to our officers, and bullies—there is no other word for it—his countrymen for offering the inviolable ones the hospitality of their homes on the Riviera—a hospitality which is not at all likely to be accepted by any of them. In short, there is no abuse too coarse, and no satire too biting, which is not freely lavished upon us.

It would be idle to pretend that the Press in such a great country as France does not reflect the opinion and the feelings of the majority of the nation when it happens to be so unanimous on one point as the French Press is at this moment. During the last few months I have so often commented upon this inimical tone and attitude of the French Press towards us as to lay myself open to the charge of reiteration; and I would not incur the risk again but for special reasons. Tom Brown did not love Dr. Fell from causes perhaps as valid logically as those alleged or insinuated for Frenchmen's dislike of us; but Tom did not openly proclaim his intention of setting his rooms in order and inviting the Dean of Christ Church to a wine party or luncheon within a few months of having written his spiteful epigram about him. And that is what the Parisians are actually doing. Nominally, they are "cleaning up" and refurbishing and redecorating, in order fitly to receive the whole world and his wife at the forthcoming Exhibition; in reality, the capital is being turned inside out, and, I had almost said, upside down, to prepare, if not exclusively, at any rate principally, for an English incursion—"a peaceful invasion," as the more honey-tongued call it, though with the unexpressed but implied proviso that the invaders shall pay the piper.

It is but fair to say that the Parisians never do that kind of thing by halves; consequently, those who have nothing to gain by our coming—nay, who would find do without us for ever and aye, are cursing those who are preparing; for the streets are pandemonium, the picture and other galleries partly closed, and private houses beds of unrest. The latter part of this sentence requires a fuller explanation than the beginning of it, so I shall deal with it first. People will remember what happened at the beginning of the Diamond Jubilee year, when dozens of humble tenants of houses and rooms on the route of the royal procession, especially on the south side of the Thames, were forcibly evicted or served with notices to quit in order to enable the landlords or principal occupiers to make a large haul. The thing was only projected and executed on a small scale in London, and it mainly affected the poorer classes, whose state of affairs, in all conscience, was bad enough. If all I hear be true, it is being attempted on a large scale in Paris, though it will chiefly affect the well-to-do. They, of course, are not quite as defenceless as were the London victims of landlords' greed, but the difference of their powers of resistance is by no means as great as one imagines. Even expensive apartments, the equivalent for which word is "flats," are not, as a rule, held on long leases or agreements, and there has been, especially in the better quarters, a direct refusal of the *propriétaires* to renew such contracts as happen to expire on next quarter-day, except at a rental far in advance of the present one.

Logically, then, the tenant whose lease is not run out may "sleep on both ears," to use the favourite French locution. Not at all. He might do this, but for his landlord's determination to accomplish by craft what cannot be accomplished by law or force. And here the landlord's lieutenant—our old enemy, the concierge—enters upon the scene. She—for in most instances it is a female who takes charge of the premises, even if there be a husband by her side—is putting into practice the tactics of which she is a past mistress, but which she consents to forego now and again at her own sweet will. The tenant whose apartment is wanted to be made in readiness for the expected visitors during the summer of this year is having his life worried out of him already. His most intimate friend is being told that he is not at home when he has made a most important appointment with him, while he himself is being left at the door after dark until he is fairly clemmed with cold or worn out with waiting. How does the concierge know that it is the recalcitrant tenant who is pulling the bell? She does not know; but according to her lights if there be one black sheep in the house, she indiscriminately inflicts suffering upon every inmate. The innocent suffer for the guilty. There has arisen already an outcry about the tardy delivery of letters and newspapers, and the postal authorities have been, as usual, blamed. Inquiries have elicited the fact that, in several cases, the concierges were to blame. Curiously enough, all these troubles are laid to our door by those who have nothing to gain by our coming; hence, when they have finished cursing the already visible effects of our prospective visit, they are cursing the cause, and thus the English get it in every way from one section of the community. Apart from their patriotic (?) satisfaction at our reverses, they are praying for their continuance in resentment of what is being done to them. The other section is preparing for the spoil. I have only touched upon one phase of the rehearsal. The elucidation of the others must be left for a future opportunity.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

- H. GRAY.**—Amended diagram to hand. It shall receive further examination.
- W. CLEGG (Belfast).**—Thanks; we hope to find it as good as that previously published.
- H. REWARD.**—If you had said *who* is wrong it would be nearer the mark. Q to B 6th on Black's twenty-fifth move is check as we play the game over, and Q to K 8th (ch) does not mate in two.
- C. W. SANBY.**—1. Kt to B 3rd (ch) affords, we fear, another solution.
- S. P. FAIRY (Roubaix).**—You are quite right, and we regret our mistake. The problem shall appear.
- HANABI DAS (Moradabad).**—Problem to hand with thanks. You may expect a report shortly.
- G. H. BOWDEN (Reigate).**—The main play is sufficient.
- S. R. BURGESS (St. Louis).**—An excellent performance, and we shall have pleasure in publishing the game.
- P. H. WILLIAMS, G. S. JOHNSON, and G. D. FARMER (Ontario).**—Many thanks.
- CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 286** received from Fred Long (Santiago), of No. 2901 and 2902 from Barbara Das (Moradabad); of No. 2901 from Mr. T. E. Morris (Hampshire) and George Jacey Farmer M.D., of No. 1, Old St., of No. 286 from George Devey Farmer M.D.; of No. 286 from W. von Neubergh and O. M. A. R. S.; of No. 2907 from F. J. Candy (Norwood), G. H. Bowden (Reigate), J. Bailey (Newark), R. Nugent (Southwold), Jacob Vassall (Bolton), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), C. E. H. Clifton, Miss D. Gregson, and Blair H. Cochrane (Harting).
- CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 289** received from G. T. Hughes (Dublin), Shadford, F. W. Moore (Brighton), F. J. Candy (Norwood), F. Dally, R. Nugent (Southwold), S. O. R. S., Dr. Tidwell (Morecambe), Rupert Rogers (Stratford), R. Sanderson (Trowthorne, Berks), F. J. S. Hampstead, Ernest Hunt (Shepherd's Bush), G. H. Bowden (Reigate), Edward J. Shippe, Walter G. Prince (Dexley Heath), P. E. Ferguson, J. P. Moon, Reginald Gordon (Kensington), O. M. A. R. S., Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), R. P. Anderson (Notting Hill), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Alpha, J. Maxworthy Hook, W. R. B. Clifton, R. Warters (Canterbury), Elith Currier (Bristol), T. Roberts, Maurice Fitzgerald (Chelmsford), County Kerry, Sorrento, G. J. Veal, H. S. Broadbent (Barrick), Charles Burnett, H. Le Jeune, William Maw (Barrow-on-Humber), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Blair H. Cochrane (Harting), E. Barling Willis, Miss D. Gregson, C. E. H. Clifton, and Hereford.

The following problem was awarded first prize in the *Hampstead and Highgate Express* tourney—

By R. H. BRIDGEWATER.

White: K at Q 2, B at Q 4, Q at Q 6th, B at Q 8th and K 7th, B at Q 4th and K 8th, Kt at K 3rd and K 8th, P at K Kt 2nd, Q Kt 2nd, and Q 7th.

Black: K at K 1st, B at K Kt 3rd, Kt at Q 5th, B at Q Kt 3rd, P at K R 2nd, Q R 2nd, K R 2nd, K Kt 3rd, Q Kt 6th, and Q 7th.

White mates in two moves.

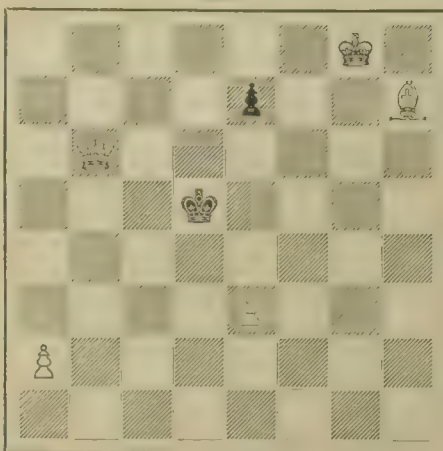
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2907.—By A. G. STUBBS.

WHITE.
1. B to Kt 3rd
2. Mate.

BLACK.
Any move

PROBLEM No. 2910.—By GUYREY HEATHCOTE.

E. A. K.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN RIGA.

Game played between M. NEMZOVITCH and an AMATEUR.

(Muz Gambit).

- | | | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. N.). | BLACK (Amateur). | WHITE (Mr. N.). | BLACK (Amateur). |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 10. Q to B 2nd | P to Q 3rd |
| 2. P to K B 4th | P takes P | 11. Kt to Q 5th | Q to Q 5th |
| 3. Kt to K B 3rd | P to K 4th | 12. P to K 5th | |
| 4. B to Q 4th | P to Kt 6th | | |
| 5. Castles | P takes Kt | | |
| 6. Q takes P | Q to B 3rd | | |
| 7. P to Kt 3rd | P to Kt 2nd | | |
| 8. Kt to B 3rd | P to K 4th | | |
| 9. B to B 4th | P to K 4th | | |
| 10. Kt to B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | | |
| 11. Kt to B 3rd | Q to Q 5th | | |
| 12. B to B 4th | P to K 4th | | |
| 13. Kt to B 3rd | Kt to Q 5th | | |
| 14. B to B 4th | P to K 4th | | |
| 15. Kt to B 3rd | Kt to Q 5th | | |
| 16. B to B 4th | P to K 4th | | |
| 17. Kt to B 3rd | Kt to Q 5th | | |
| 18. B to B 4th | P to K 4th | | |
| 19. Kt to B 3rd | Kt to Q 5th | | |
| 20. B to B 4th | P to K 4th | | |

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played in the Moscow Tournament between Messrs. M. TROTSKY and P. FALK.

(French Defence).

- | | | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. T.). | BLACK (Mr. F.). | WHITE (Mr. T.). | BLACK (Mr. F.). |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 3rd | 21. Kt takes B | R takes Kt |
| 2. Q to K 2nd | | 22. P to K Kt 4th | P to K Kt 4th |
| 3. Kt to K 3rd | P to K 4th | 23. P to K 3rd | P to K 3rd |
| 4. B to Q 4th | P to Kt 6th | 24. P takes P | P takes P |
| 5. Castles | P takes Kt | 25. K to Kt 3rd | P to K R 2nd |
| 6. Q takes P | Q to B 3rd | 26. R to R 3rd | K to Kt 2nd |
| 7. P to Kt 3rd | P to Kt 2nd | 27. B takes R (ch) | K takes B |
| 8. Kt to B 3rd | P to K 4th | 28. Q to Q 5th | |
| 9. B to B 4th | P to K 4th | 29. Q to Q 5th | |
| 10. Kt to B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 30. R to R 3rd | P to K 4th |
| 11. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 31. P to B 3rd | P to K 4th |
| 12. Q to K 2nd | P to K 4th | 32. P to K 3rd | P to K 4th |
| 13. Kt to K 3rd | P to K 4th | 33. B to B 4th | P to K 4th |
| 14. B to Q 4th | P to K 4th | 34. R to R 3rd | P to K 4th |
| 15. Kt to K 3rd | P to K 4th | 35. R to R 3rd | P to K 4th |
| 16. B to Q 4th | P to K 4th | 36. Q to K 2nd | P to K 4th |
| 17. Kt to K 3rd | P to K 4th | 37. B to B 4th | P to K 4th |
| 18. B to Q 4th | P to K 4th | 38. R to R 3rd | P to K 4th |
| 19. Kt to K 3rd | P to K 4th | 39. P to B 3rd | P to K 4th |
| 20. B to Q 4th | P to K 4th | 40. Q to Q 5th | P to K 4th |
| 21. Kt to K 3rd | P to K 4th | 41. P to B 3rd | P to K 4th |
| 22. Q to K 2nd | P to K 4th | 42. Q to Q 5th | P to K 4th |
| 23. Kt to K 3rd | P to K 4th | 43. Q to Q 5th | P to K 4th |
| 24. B to Q 4th | P to K 4th | 44. Q to Q 5th | P to K 4th |
| 25. Kt to K 3rd | P to K 4th | 45. Q to Q 5th | P to K 4th |
| 26. B to Q 4th | P to K 4th | 46. Q to Q 5th | P to K 4th |
| 27. Kt to K 3rd | P to K 4th | 47. Q to Q 5th | P to K 4th |
| 28. B to Q 4th | P to K 4th | 48. Q to Q 5th | P to K 4th |
| 29. Kt to K 3rd | P to K 4th | 49. Q to Q 5th | P to K 4th |
| 30. B to Q 4th | P to K 4th | 50. Q to Q 5th | P to K 4th |

BOOKS TO READ.

LONDON: JAN. 23, 1900.

Mr. David Masson is one of the old school of writers. To recall his "Life of Milton" transports one back to a time long before the name of Rudyard Kipling was known. Yet Mr. Masson is still, happily, alive, and this week has been published an erudite "Kipling Primer." The very catalogue of Mr. Masson's works suggests leisure. He took six volumes to complete his "Life of Milton." His edition of De Quincey was not finished in fewer than fourteen. It is forty-four years ago since he wrote the first sketch of his biography of Chatterton. Later it was republished, then it went out of print, and now it is given to us again in a pleasant volume, revised and enlarged, "Chatterton: a Biography" (Hodder and Stoughton). It is a leisurely, genial biography, written in Mr. Masson's own particular way. He gives the atmosphere of the period, indicates the modes of the time, and permits his hero to emerge from among the men who environed him during his lifetime. Probably few who join in the hymn "O God, whose thunder shakes the sky," know that it was by Chatterton. Even the picture of the poor boy lying dead in the room, that was so popular twenty years ago, is rarely seen now. Chatterton has been pushed aside. His life was tragic; his brain was phenomenally precocious. There is little more to say.

A really humorous book! What a find! Such is "Lambkin's Remains" (Oxford: Vincent). The title-page bears the inscription—By H. B., author of "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts." H. B. is, of course, Mr. Milaire Belloc, who wrote last year an excellent biography of Danton. Then he was in a serious mood. "Lambkin's Remains" is all fun and satire. It is an undergraduate production, was published for the most part in an Oxford undergraduate magazine, and is mainly a satirical commentary on University life. The form of the little book is ingenious. Mr. Belloc imagines a mythical person—the Rev. J. A. Lambkin, Bursar of Burford College, Oxford—and analyses, in a series of sixteen chapters, his portentous foolishness. Lambkin is the type of the commonplace, shallow, and vainglorious mind. The humour is of the right kind—shrewd, kindly, scholarly, and is compact of that searching observation all too rare among young writers. The little book contains neither jokes nor puns. The satire is often so subtle that the Lambkins of life might easily fail to see it. Sometimes the satire takes a wider flight, as in the preface and in the "Interview with Mr. Lambkin," which concludes the book.

There are some paragraphs in the American literary papers that British novelists read with astonishment and envy. I refer to the record of the sales of certain American novels. For example, there is Mr. Winston Churchill's "Richard Carvel." Here, perhaps, it is necessary to say that the American Mr. Winston Churchill is no relation to our Mr. Winston Churchill, war-correspondent of the *Morning Post*, and son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. The sale of "Richard Carvel" (Macmillan) has already exceeded three hundred thousand copies, and the demand has not stopped yet. It is a long, closely packed, historical novel, not better or worse than a score of other historical novels, but it is worth reading for the sake of discovering why America has gone mad over it. America also went mad, although not quite to the same extent, over "David Harum"; but that is partly to be explained by the fact that the author died while the book was passing through the press. The popularity of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, another American author, who is just starting for South Africa as war-correspondent, lags far behind Mr. Churchill's. But there is a deal more spirit and charm about Mr. Davis's work. His latest volume of short stories, "The Lion and the Unicorn" (Heinemann), is distinctly worth reading. One story especially, "On the Fever-Ship," is of excellent quality.

The novelist who chooses an unsympathetic, bull-headed hero, even if he softens his heart and breaks down his obstinacy in the last chapter, sets himself a task so difficult that I often wonder he has the perseverance to plod on to the end of his manuscript. Mr. W. J. Locke has chosen such a hero in "The White Dove" (Lane). The book bears the motto: "O white dove of the pity Divine," and goes to show how pity was finally born in the heart of a particularly obstinate prig, one Sylvester Lanyon, a doctor. Mr. Locke writes well, and his book is an honest piece of work, but it irritates, and that, I maintain, is what a work of fiction should do. Sylvester is a widower with one child, and in the opening chapter a pretty, engaging love-story is suggested. The lady's name is Ella; she quite wins our sympathies, and the two become practically engaged. But suddenly he jilts her, and two years of her life are filled with bitterness. All comes right in the end, after Sylvester has learnt his lesson, but those two years can never be effaced. Why did he jilt her? Because he discovers, by means of a melodramatic incident not quite worthy of Mr. Locke's talent, that his dead wife had been unfaithful to him. So he jilts Ella: because one woman was weak no woman is to be trusted. He does not even explain to Ella. His remorseless morality also receives other shocks, which in the end bring him to his knees, and to a more humane view. Fortunately for him, Ella was a true woman, and when she knew all she forgave him.

To turn to more serious things. There are those who are proud and glad to say that the late Dr. James Martineau helped them at every mental and moral crisis of their lives. His works are not for all readers, but those who have studied them seriously must acknowledge, apart altogether from his invigorating and helpful ethical teaching, that as a writer of English he had few equals. Passages of extraordinary beauty are for ever associated with his name, and it is to be hoped that a book of good and well-chosen passages from his works may soon be forthcoming. Meanwhile, for those who have not the opportunity to be acquainted with his larger work, let me recommend a little volume published at Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand. It is called "Common Prayer for Christian Workers," and is divided into ten services. Much of the composition of the last two is Dr. Martineau's own. These beautiful prayers are the pure reflection of his delicate and profound spirituality. QUILL.

JOHN RUSKIN.

John Ruskin died last Saturday afternoon, at Coniston, within a few weeks of his eighty-first birthday. Already he had been alienated for many years from the affairs of life and the affrights and fortunes of an active career. The great mind, worn out with activities, had become passive at last, though all the while the world was seething with the leaven his personality and his pen had supplied. What the æsthetic life of England was when he was born into it, and what it was when his books had utterly transformed it, the student of nineteenth-century history knows. In sociology also he had his triumphs all along the line. Ridicule did not kill the "Graduate of Oxford" who wrote the first volume of "Modern Painters" before he was twenty-four; nor did he cease to assert his social doctrines because the *Coruhill* refused to print any more of his articles, and then the same fate followed him in *Fraser's*. A delightful medley of tolerance and intolerance made up the man who thus fought the dragon of popular opinion. He was a destroyer of stilts, and his frankness in itself was cunningly engaging. "Who am I that I should challenge you, do you ask? My mother was a sailor's daughter, so please you; one of my aunts was a baker's wife—the other a tanner's; and I don't know much more about my family, except that there used to be a greengrocer of the name in a small shop near the Crystal Palace." The very fact that his father made a fortune by selling sherry added to the incongruity of the position. That fortune, however, sent Ruskin to Oxford as a gentleman commoner. He took the Newdigate Prize for a poem, about which there is nothing else to be said, and in other ways distinguished himself. But his career at Oxford as a student was of most value to him as a prelude to later happy experiences of his when, as "the Professor," he felt truly at home within those walls, and gained over youth with ideas an ascendancy that was entirely righteous, and that, even when it tuned itself to vain experiments in road-making, had an ethical aim and import that were both high and enduring. The road was one of the worst (the Master admitted) in the kingdom; but the Gospel of Labour had resounded in every click of the falling hammer held by eager, if unaccustomed, hands.



JOHN RUSKIN.

Born, February 8, 1819; Died, January 20, 1900.

A mere list of the perfectly titled books written by Mr. Ruskin would contain some seventy entries. Long before he had begun his teens he had composed tales and verses, and it was for a poet's crown—not that "crown of wild olive" which was his own content—that his parents fired

his ambition. The publication of some of his very early verses in magazines flattered their fancy, and his Oxford success so far confirmed it that they begrudged Tennyson his growing fame. If they were wrong—and we know they were—they erred in such good company as that of Matthew Arnold, who said long afterwards that Ruskin was "the only man to express in prose that which the poetry could convey." In 1846 came the second volume of "Modern Painters," and then with "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" and the "Stones of Venice" came that extension of his artistic sympathies beyond the confines of painting. But whatever the art, it was not the technical achievement only of which Mr. Ruskin became the expositor. He valued the expression, not only for the spirit which was expressed. Life and art were to him inseparably united; the joy of man was what he finally sought and found in the delineation of beauty: and the "Stones of Venice," like all his works, was a sermon in itself. Very easily, however, he underwent that other great transition of the author and the artist into the political economist and the social reformer. "Unto This Last" was the first volume in which the fully developed Ruskin spoke; and henceforth it is always the composite voice that is heard, even if only in *obiter dicta*, in the pages of "Ethics of the Dust," or "Sesame and Lilies," in the "Queen of the Air," in the innumerable delightful letters to friends, or in the "Fors" volumes, and the "Proterita" series, with their delightful autobiographical passages. But incomplete by the standards of the world, came upon him nearly twenty years ago, and which enforced his retirement from his Slade Professorship at Oxford, and brought to a close the pen that had done so much to glorify English art and to humanise English feeling. "Poor finger," he said to a friend many years ago, "it will never hold pen again. Well it has got me into a great trouble—perhaps it is better so. Now the days of my life are over, the best of Mr. Ruskin's past are the recollection of the present generation, and now no word but that of peace can be uttered by a grateful country at the graveside of one of the most illustrious of the writers and thinkers that through all history can be counted on the fingers of two hands.

Photo, Barnett



Photo, Green Brothers

"BRANTWOOD," CONISTON, MR. RUSKIN'S RESIDENCE NEAR GRASMERE.

LADIES' PAGE.

It is almost as difficult to find a really new material, something that is not a mere repetition with variations of an already wearisomely familiar object, as it is to discover a novel dish or a fresh flavour. Panno is a novelty, actually unlike all the materials on which we have been



A SEASONABLE GOWN.

ringing the changes during one season after another. No wonder that it has been eagerly taken up, and that it has by no means exhausted its vogue. It is, no doubt, if it were classed like a botanical specimen, of the genus velvet, and of the species plush, yet it is unlike either of those time-honoured fabrics, with its beaver-hat-like surface, so rich and deep and yet so smooth, enabling it to be produced in the faintest tints, and showing beautiful high lights. Worth is using it much for his new evening dresses, sky-blue being his favourite colour; the most delicate pastel greens and mauves also come in the material. One model was plain and close-fitting at the back, in blue panne, the top of the bodice finished round by a stiff plain berthe covered with a rich raised embroidery of pearls and gold thread, while a vest and tablier of Venetian point lightened the effect. Another blue panne tunic encircled the figure above a flounce of black lace, the tunic trimmed from the left hip in a slant to the right edge with white lace sprinkled with diamonds. Mauve panne came out very richly, plainly built and draped with scarves of embroidered crêpe-de-chine. As a wedding gown, the same material was seen to advantage on the young American bride of Captain the Hon. Charles Coventry, married in London recently. Her dress was white crêpe-de-chine, lightly trimmed with silver passementerie, under a Court train of cream panne embroidered in a floral design in silver thread and mother-of-pearl paillettes. The bodice was worked with silver to correspond. There was, by the way, a special interest about this wedding. The happy bridegroom was one of those who shared in Jameson's Raid, and was reported dead; but just as his mourning family were going in to a memorial service, arranged in Lord Coventry's private chapel, a telegram arrived to transform the service into one of thanksgiving—the son of the house was not lost, after all.

There is another use to which panne is being excellently applied—millinery. Spring models in this department always appear first in order, partly because a bonnet is a comparatively small matter—a question of fifty or sixty shillings only—and can be bought light-heartedly, even if not exactly needed yet; and then, one does really need fresh headgear, to replace that which has been exposed to the inclement weather of the British winter, before the more stalwart gowns and wraps are affected. Hence I have already seen a consignment of new millinery models, and am struck with the use of panne upon them, generally in combination with tulle and chiffon. There is a sort of "heiding" in the union of such diverse materials. On a bright day the tulle looks light and airy to suit the skies, and when the stormy winds of March sweep over our devoted heads, the solidity of the panne will resist their ravages. The turban shape is popular, the trim

made of a dainty-coloured panne, and the crown swathed with the dimsy material, an ostrich feather or two, or a cluster of spring flowers serving as an aigrette, and there is your pretty toque. Add then to your Irish homespun or tweed or face-cloth costume a vest of panne in a harmonious shade, if the style is amenable to that treatment, or even merely don a cavalier tie of wide muslin with real lace ends, or one of those charming stock ties provided with a very high collar, whose name in the shops is legion, whether in lace or in silk of a shade not to "swear at" the inevitably more dainty tone of the panne on the hat—and behold! without sacrificing warmth, or attempting to forecast fashion, one is fresh and smart immediately.

Some straws were in the basket of models, these show still the tendency to turn up high at the left side, and to mix tulle and panne in the trimming. One in mauve fancy straw had flowers cut out in panne of a lighter mauve, with green panne leaves, appliqué to the tulle that encircled the crown, and a cluster of the same big blooms and leaves made solid by padding set as an upright trimming at the turned-up side. Another, with a very wide-fronted turned-back brim and crown in grenat straw, was trimmed with bunches of grapes constructed in pale green panne, and with two fancy quills painted with red butterflies, and grenat and green tulle mixed. Chenille and straw plaited together made another broad-fronted shape in black, the pleatings were very open, and white chiffon frilled in behind therefore showed through. A bow of black velvet centred by an amethyst buckle trimmed the front, and a long black ostrich feather was laid along each side.

Our Illustrations show gowns suited to the season. Over a plain black velvet skirt is a chic coat of black cloth, the edges, cut away fancifully, embroidered with silk over a white satin vest with lace stock-collar and tie. The toque is of white satin, trimmed with feathers. The other is a velvet coat, having revers piped with white satin and trimmed with lace, and further decorated as shown with a design in glacé silk outlined with white. The cloth skirt is trimmed with rows of stitching, and the toque has wings of jet and fancy feathers. Jet or jewelled buttons fasten the coat at one side. Buttons continue to be an important feature on dresses, and silver or ormolu sets frequently figure as wedding presents.

The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, who is in her eighty-ninth year, has set an example to younger women by knitting with her own hands a large number of sleeping-helmets for the men at the front. A correspondent suggests that, in order to enable others to do likewise, the recipe should be given here; and as it is not difficult, and the caps are much needed in the cold wet nights that follow the hot days of South Africa, I am happy to invite my readers to set to work. As to what to do with the caps when finished, every day's London paper contains an appeal from some lady for contributions to the comforts of a particular regiment. Four ounces three-ply alloa, two pins, No. 7 or 8. The whole helmet is knit in ribs of three plain, three purl. Cast on ninety-six stitches loosely, knit four inches (five inches if no flaps are required); then put twenty-four of these stitches on a thread or safety-pin, and knit the remainder for five and a half inches. Mark off eighteen stitches at each end; knit the row to and fro, knitting in the last stitch of each row with one of the eighteen stitches till all are used up. Pick up thirty stitches at the side, knit off the stitches on the thread or safety-pin, knit back, pick up thirty stitches on the other side, leaving



"A GENTLEMAN IN KHAKI."

four inches below (or five inches if no flap is required). Knit two inches, cast off loosely, sew up the side. Flaps are done in plain knitting, thus: Pick up forty-two stitches across the front, knit four inches, cast off one stitch at the beginning of each row till seventeen stitches are left; cast off. Do the same across the back, leaving

six stitches between the flaps at each side. The flaps form a sort of throatlet.

Madame Augusta Holmes produced last week at the Théâtre Châtelet, Paris, her new orchestral work, "Andromeda," which she calls a "poème symphonique." It is described as graphic and forcible, and was received with loud and long applause, and calls for the composer.



A SMART COSTUME.

Madame Holmes is a poet as well as a musician: her own verse is usually wedded to her music in her works. She is of Irish blood, but naturalised as a Frenchwoman. There is another Irish woman composer, Miss Annie Paterson, the first lady to take the degree of Doctor of Music by examination (I.I.R.I.). The Princess of Wales having previously received it as an Honorary degree in Dublin. Dr Annie Paterson resembles Madame Holmes in being doubly gifted in literature and music, writing herself the libretto of her compositions.

A movement is on foot in America to secure perpetual copyright to an author's heirs. Sir Walter Besant is disposed to accept the idea as good, on the ground that now the entire profits of reproduction of a copyright-expired book are snapped up by publishers who have never paid the author or his heirs one penny. But the real objection to perpetual copyright has nothing to do with the profits of anybody. Some profit must be possible to make authors write. Plenty of excellent people now write for nothing, and even pay their own printing-bills, and would go on doing so if copyright were abolished; but still, the stream might slacken in many cases if personal reward ceased. But to keep authors at their work, a copyright of forty or fifty years' duration is enough; therefore the public need not allow us to provide for our heirs also. It may seem unjust occasionally that the very personal property of the work of a man's brain has no permanence; that land and silver, and jewels and furniture, and the contents of the cellar and other inanimate property are personal and permanent, while "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit" is soon at the disposal of anybody who may choose to pick it up. But it would be deplorable if an ill-conditioned heir should have the absolute right to forbid republication.

Another addition to the already large amount added to the Daily Mail War Fund by the reproductions of Mr. Caton Woodville's "Gentleman in Khaki" may be expected by the sale of the bronzes exclusively modelled by her Majesty's silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb Limited, by permission of the holders of the copyright. The figures are delicately yet boldly fashioned, and may appeal to Messrs. Mappin and Webb's high reputation. A realistic touch is given in the colouring of the khaki, which is the well-known khaki tint. The price of the figures is £4 10s. and twenty-five per cent. of this amount will be added to the Daily Mail War Fund. The bronzes are now on view at Messrs. Mappin and Webb's London show-

PICTURE.

TIME IS THIS LIFE'S RECKONER!

Out of eternity this new day is born, Into eternity at night doth return;
Think! wilt thou let it slip useless away?

*'So here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?'*

*Out of Eternity
This new day is born,
Into eternity
At night doth return.*

*Behold it aforesaid
No eyes ever did;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.*

*Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?'*

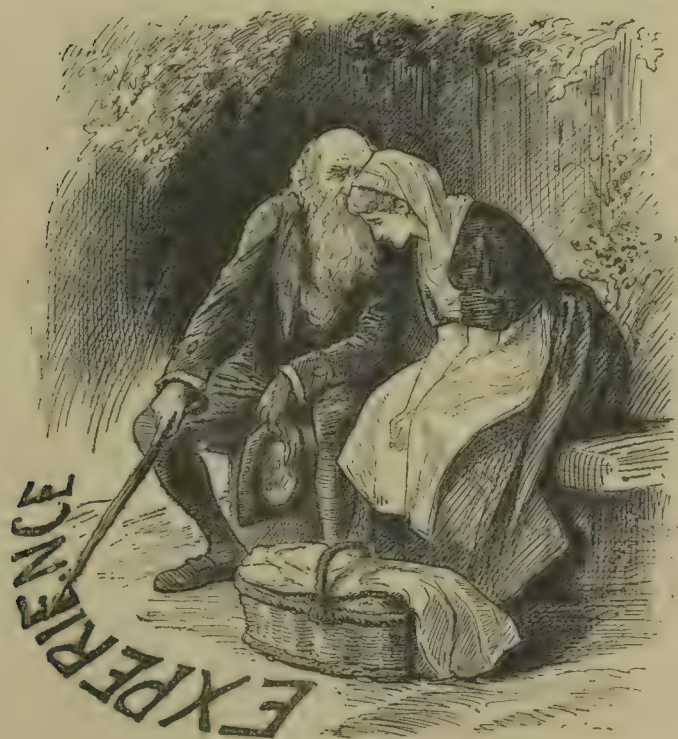
T. CARLYLE.

NO VOICE, HOWEVER FEEBLE, LIFTED UP FOR TRUTH, DIES!

"No Effort, However Small, Put Forth for the Right Cause, fails in its Effect." WHITTIER.

THE HONEY OF WISDOM!!!

We gather the Honey of Wisdom from Thorns, not from Flowers.



NOBILITY OF LIFE.

"Who best can suffer, best can do."—MILTON.

WHAT ALONE ENABLES US TO DRAW A JUST MORAL FROM THE TALE OF LIFE?

"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his soul, I would answer, with Lassues, it is 'EXPERIENCE.'"—LORD LYTON.

WHO ARE THE REALLY GREAT AND SUCCESSFUL MEN OF THE WORLD?

"Those who take honours in Nature's University, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men of the world. Those who won't learn are plucked, and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination."—HUXLEY.

The simple meaning is, when ailing, pay no attention to the regulation of your diet, exercise, or occupation; attempt no conformity to the laws of life, or when you

have drawn an overdraft on the bank of life, etc., avoid the use of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and you will be surprised to learn of the body what a frail and tickle tenement it is, "which, like the brittle glass that measures time, is often broke ere half its sands are run."

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ.—How important it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy such as

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

to check disease at the onset! For this is the time. *With very little trouble you can change the course of the trickling mountain stream, but not the rolling river.* It will defy all your tiny efforts. I feel I cannot sufficiently impress this important information upon all householders and those who are visiting or residing in any hot or foreign climate. Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' be your companion, for, under any circumstances, its use is beneficial, and never can do harm. When you feel out of sorts, yet unable to say why, frequently, without any warning, you are suddenly seized with Lassitude, Disinclination for Bodily or Mental Exertion, Loss of Appetite, Sickness, Pain in the Forehead, Dull Aching of Back and Limbs, Coldness of the Surface, and often Shivering, etc., then your whole body is out of order, the spirit of danger has been kindled, but you do not know where it may end. It is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand that will always answer the very best end, with a positive assurance of doing good in every case, and in no case any harm. *The pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm.* The common idea when not feeling well is "I will wait and see—perhaps I shall be better to-morrow"; whereas, had a supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided. What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises as untimely death? *"I used my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of Fever; and I have every reason to say it saved my life."*—J. C. ENO.

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CAUTION.—See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a worthless imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.



Photo J. H. Spencer, Chester.

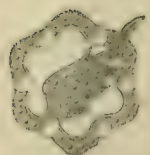
THE CHESHIRE REGIMENT LEAVING ITS COLOURS WITH THE MAYOR OF CHESTER FOR SAFE CUSTODY: THE REGIMENT GOES ON ACTIVE SERVICE TO SOUTH AFRICA.

The ceremony took place on the steps of the Chester Town Hall, and the Colours were finally hung in the Council Chamber.

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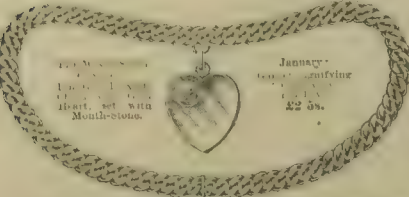


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Everybody Likes it
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 1, 1895) of Thomas Henry, first Baron Farrer, of Abinger Hall, Dorking, who died on Oct. 11, was proved on Jan. 15 by Thomas Cecil, second Baron Farrer, and the Hon. Noel Maitland Farrer, the sons, and William Francis Farrer and Arthur Richmond Farrer, the nephews, the executors, the value of the estate being £119,290. The testator gives to his wife, Euphemia Katherine, an annual sum of £500, in addition to the income she will receive from the funds of her marriage settlement, to his executors £100 each, to his son Noel Maitland and his daughter Mrs. Emma Cecilia Darwin such a sum as with what he has already settled and given to them will make up £21,000 each, and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his eldest son Thomas Cecil.

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1896), with a codicil (dated Jan. 4, 1898), of Mr. Frederick Charles James Millar, Q.C., of 3, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, and 59, Kensington Gardens Square, who died on Nov. 18, was proved on Jan. 15 by Mrs. Clara Louise Millar, the widow, the Rev. Frederick George Millar, the son, and James Batten Winterbotham, the executors, the value of the estate being £104,425. The testator gives to his child marriage and domestic effects to his wife: Leigh House, Leigh, Essex, for the use of his wife during widowhood, and subject

thereto to his son Frederick George; £50 and an annuity of £78 to his clerk, Walter Theobald; £50 to Caroline Bullock, £100 to James Batten Winterbotham; and £1000 to Kate B. Winterbotham. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay £1000 per annum to his wife during her widowhood, and subject thereto for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1881), with four codicils (dated March 23, 1891, May 6, 1892, Sept. 2, 1898, and Oct. 23, 1899), of Mr. William Smith, of 20, Craven Hill Gardens, and Woodcliffe, Wargrave, who died on Oct. 23, was proved on Jan. 12 by Walter Henry Bonham Carter, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £114,713. The testator gives £100 to his executor; £1500 to Ellen Jane Hichings, and the residue of his property to his wife, Mrs. Harriette Cooke Smith, absolutely.

The will (dated Oct. 26, 1898) of Mr. James Thompson, J.P., of Milton Hall, Carlisle, who died on Sept. 5, was proved on Dec. 14 at the Carlisle District Registry by Charles Lacy Thompson, the brother, Mrs. Gertrude Thompson, the mother, Miss Georgiana Augusta Lacy and Thomas Dixon, the executors, the value of the estate being £67,064. The testator bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for his aunt Emmeline Ada Lacy, for life, and at her decease he gives £1000 to the Carlisle Infirmary, to be applied as far as practicable for patients suffering from asthma and

diseases of the chest; £100 for the maintenance of St. Martin's Hall, Brampton; £300 to the Silloth Convalescent Institution; £200 each to the Carlisle Dispensary and the Border Counties Home for Incurables, Carlisle; and the remainder of the said sum of £5000 to his sisters Emmeline Ada Thompson, Julia Augusta Thompson, and Isabella Winifred Dixon Brown. He further bequeaths all his furniture and household effects to his mother; £2000 to his aunt, Georgiana Augusta Lacy; £1000 to his cousin Arthur Ernest Blanshard, £400 to his aunt Julia Carrick, a mortgage for £500 to his sister Maria Cecilia Hickman; and legacies to relatives, executors, and servants. The residue of his property he leaves as to one half to his mother and the other half to his brothers and sisters, Charles Lacy Thompson, Thomas Edmund Barker Thompson, Gertrude Whitelaw, Maria Cecilia Hickman, Emmeline Ada Thompson, Julia Augusta Thompson, and Isabella Winifred Dixon Brown, the shares of his sisters Mrs. Hickman, Emmeline, Julia, and Mrs. Brown to be double that of his brothers and of his sister Mrs. Whitelaw.

The will (dated May 21, 1892), with a codicil (dated April 22, 1898), of Major-General Evan Maberly, C.B., of Avonmouth House, Christchurch, Hants, who died on Nov. 16, was proved on Jan. 8 by Mrs. Laura Charlotte Maberly, the widow, and Lieutenant-General the

What makes this envelope "Cockle" up?



why Cockles' Pills of course

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Why not for a "March to Pretoria"?

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MAX PEMBERTON.

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Hon. Bernard Matthew Ward, the son-in-law, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £62,325. The testator gives £200 and his furniture, plate, pictures, and personal effects to his wife; £500 to the Hon. Bernard Matthew Ward; and during the widowhood of his wife annuities of £200 each to his son Ivan Frederick and his daughter Marion Henrietta. He empowers his executors, at their discretion, to apply a sum not exceeding £100 per annum for pensions for his servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, or in the event of her remarriage, of one-third thereof. Subject thereto his residuary estate is to be divided between his children and the issue of any deceased child.

The will (dated March 7, 1895), with a codicil (dated March 13, 1899), of Edward Fleetwood John, fourth



FOURTH AFRICAN LIGHT HORSE: CAPTAIN BALFOUR AND SERGEANT-MAJOR LILLEY, "A" SQUADRON.

Viscount Exmouth, of Cannon House, Dunsford, near Exeter, who died on Oct. 31, was proved on Jan. 12 by Edith, Viscountess Exmouth, the widow, John Reynolds Hargreaves, the brother-in-law, and Mackworth Bulkeley Praed, the executors, the value of the estate being £40,878. The testator devises all his manors, lands, and real estate to his first and other sons in tail male. He gives to John Reynolds Hargreaves and Mackworth Bulkeley Praed £100 each; and to his wife the use of certain plate, for life, and then to the person who at her death shall be Viscount Exmouth. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Feb. 2, 1886), with four codicils (dated May 29, 1891, Nov. 18, 1893, Aug. 28, 1895, and Aug. 19, 1898), of Mr. Thomas Duncombe Eden, J.P., of Beamish Park, Durham, and Cheveny Hunton, Kent, who

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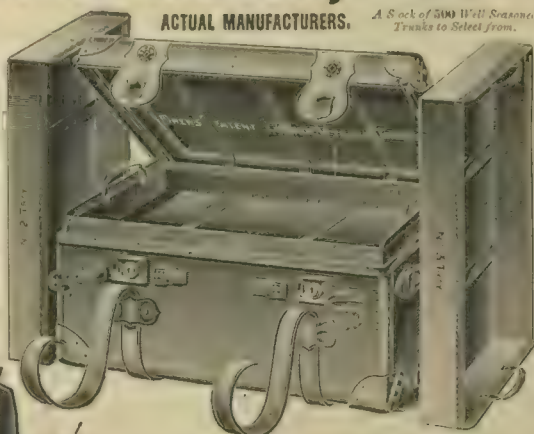
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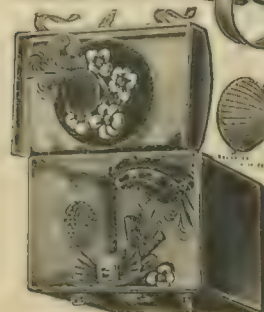
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CHLOROZYNE.—See *Illustration* Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorozyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freema was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to, see the "Times," July 13, 1894.

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CHLOROZYNE.—The Right Hon. Lord Russell commended to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorozyne, see "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1894.

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BOVRIL

died on June 27, was proved on Dec. 13 in the Durham District Registry by Mrs. Emmeline Bethea Alexander, the cousin and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £37,006. The testator bequeaths £200 for the poor of Tanfield, Stanley, West Pelton, and Bannopfield; £100 for the poor of Bishopston, Hedmarshall, and Sudbrough; £100 for distribution between such charities as he has been in the habit of assisting; £100 for the poor of Hutton; £1100 to Mrs. Duleibella Majendie; £1000 to Mrs. Amelia Norton; £500 to Charles Duncombe Shaffo; £150 to Anyas Eden Borton; £100 each to the children of Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Steele; £500 to his executrix; £100 each to Captain Arthur Drummond Borton, Agnes Gray, and Catherine Drummond Shaffo; and many legacies to friends and persons in his employ. The residue of his property he leaves to Mrs. Emmeline Bethea Alexander, for life, and then for her daughter Mrs. Adelaide Beatrice Borton, he having already provided for her other daughter Mrs. Emmeline Mary Eden Steele.

The will (dated June 28, 1894), with two codicils (dated Nov. 17, 1899, and Feb. 10, 1899), of Major-General Sir Frederick Richard Pollock, K.C.S.I., J.P., of 1, Orme Square, Bayswater, who died on Dec. 24, was proved on Jan. 16 by Dighton Nicolas Pollock, the son, and Edmund Child Haynes, the executors, the value of the estate being £23,667 lss. 11d. The testator gives £500 to his wife, Dame Adriana Pollock; and an annuity of £50 to his sister Augusta Emma Nicolas. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then to his children Dighton Nicolas Pollock, Grace Mary Nicolas Haynes, Mabel Honora Sandwith, Adrian Donald Wilde Pollock, and Percy Wilde Pollock.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1899) of the Right Hon. James Plaisted, Baron Penzance, P.C., of Eashing Park, Godalming, who died on Dec. 9, was proved on Jan. 15 by

Mary, Baroness Penzance, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £21,226. The testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will of Mr. John Morant, J.P., D.L., of Brokenhurst Park, Hants, who died on May 30, was proved on Jan. 12 by Edward John Harry Eden Morant, the son, and Herbert George Alexander, the executors, the value of the estate being £9898.

The will (dated April 19, 1893) of John Villiers Stuart, fifth Marquis Townshend, of Raynham Hall, Norfolk, formerly M.P. for Tamworth, who died on Oct. 26, was proved on Jan. 12 by Anne Elizabeth Clementina, Marchioness Townshend, and Lord St. Leon, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £3603. The testator gives £500 to his wife; £100 for the poor of Raynham, Norfolk, and Balls Blerts; and an annuity of £200 to Harriet Latour for life, and then to her daughter Jane Harriet Latour. The residue of his property he leaves to his son John James Dudley Stuart, now sixth Marquis Townshend.

The will of the Rev. Charles William Selby-Lowndes, of North Crawley, Bucks, who died on Sept. 22, has been proved by Arthur Octavius Clode, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £12,232.

The will and codicil of Mr. William Ellis Metford, of Redland Villa, Elm Lane, Upper Redland, Bristol, who died on Oct. 14, have been proved by Charles Yeatman Pelgrave and William Malin Roscoe, the executors, the value of the estate being £13,404.

The *Guardian* warns its readers that those who join the English Church Union now must recognise that it has become the organ of those who are prepared to fight the Bishops regardless of consequences.

ART BOOKS.

Here are three excellent specimens of the series of studies which is appearing under the competent editorship of Dr. Williamson—"Great Masters in Painting": "Velasquez," by R. A. M. Stevenson; "Andrea del Sarto," by H. Guinness; "Luni," by George C. Williamson (George Bell and Sons). The methods observed by each writer are distinctly individual, and the freedom from the restraint of any strongly defined lines of treatment gives each writer full scope to exercise his critical faculty. Mr. Stevenson's view of Velasquez's place in art is that it is still unsettled, for he is unwilling to swallow wholesale the praises of those who take too much upon trust or can see no speck in the sun before which they bow down in blind homage. The three stages of Velasquez's art of which so much has been said have in common a respect for the technique of painting which increased as he advanced in age. Mr. Stevenson does full justice to this side of Velasquez's art, and he brings out with great clearness the fact that the great Spaniard's power of emancipating his art from the conventional ways of his predecessors and contemporaries was the real secret of his eminence.

Mr. H. Guinness, who deals with that most fascinating of all Tuscan painters, Andrea del Sarto, "the faultless," makes the story of his life his principal theme. Each of the works by which Andrea is best known in the various capitals of Europe connects itself with some incident of his life; but sad as much of his short life was, his devotion to his art was so absorbing that it is difficult—perhaps impossible—to trace in his painting the reflection of his sorrows and troubles. Strange as it may sound, those who would wish to study Andrea at his best should not look at his easel-pictures, tender and expressive as they are, but should turn to those now faded but still beautiful frescoes which surround the cloister of the Scalzo Monastery at

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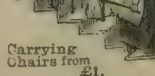
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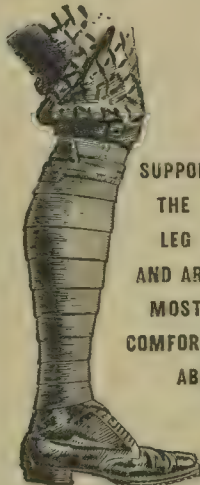


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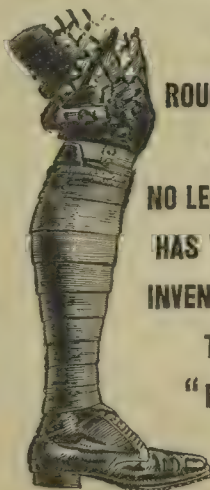
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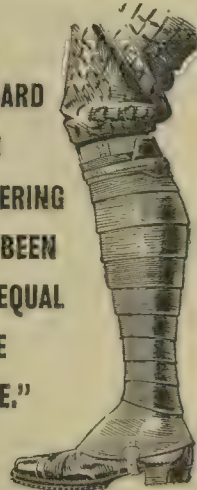


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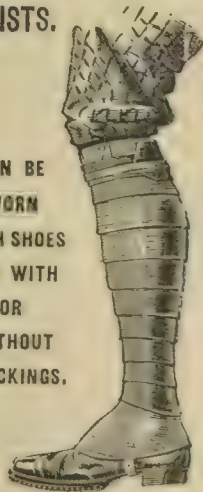


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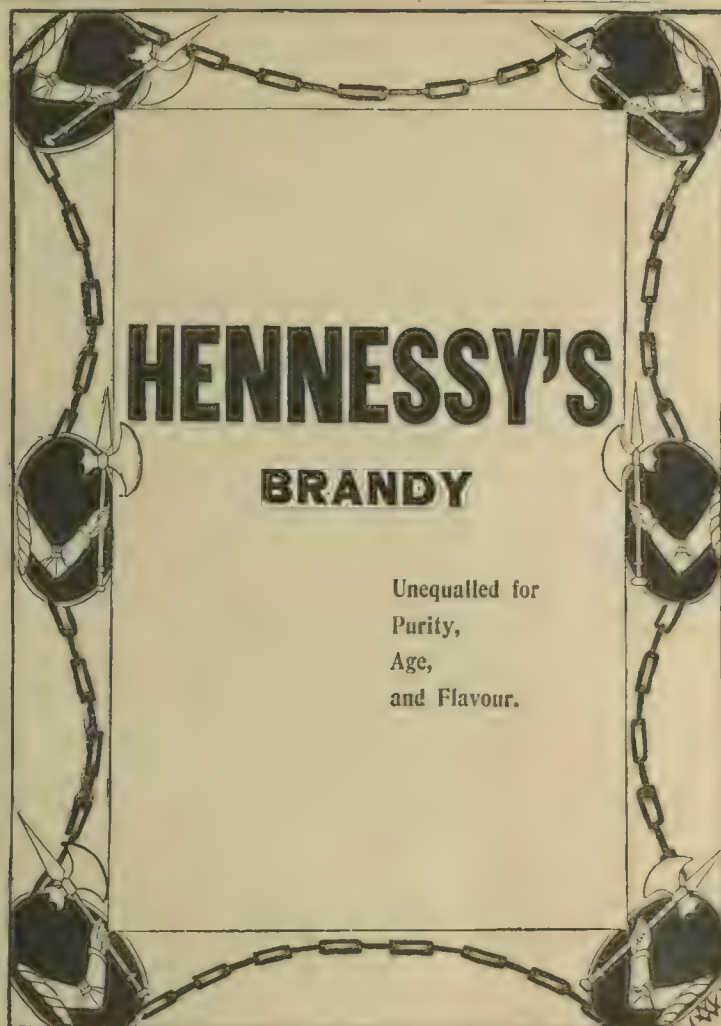
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THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL
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Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant
odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin
or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENOVATOR
is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.

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Dr. SINCLAIR COGHILL.

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 "The Queen."—Feels no hesitation in recom-
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It Cleans, Polishes, and Preserves Furniture, Brown Boots,
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Sold throughout the world. Foreign depots: F. NEWDEY & SONS, London; J. MOUTRIE, Paris; R. TAYLOR & CO., Sydney; Po.

THE WAR WITH THE SOUTH AFRICAN LIGHT HORSE AT DE AAR.

Photographs supplied by Mr. J. L. Collbourne.



SQUADRON LEAVING CAMP TO RECONNOITRE.



A SQUAD LEAVING CAMP ON PATROL DUTY.



SKIRMISHING ON THE KAROO.



IN CAMP NEAR DE AAR.



THE 47 IN. NAVAL GUNS IN ACTION AT COLENZO, SHOWING CAPTAIN PERCY SCOTT'S CARRIAGE, WHICH ENABLED THESE SHIP-GUNS TO BE USED EFFECTIVELY IN THE FIELD.

From a Photograph by our Special Correspondent, Sir Bryon Leighton.



Photo. Glyn, St. Dominick, Wynberg.

NO. 1 GENERAL HOSPITAL: PERMANENT WARDS AND GARDENS.



Photo. Glyn.

NO. 1 GENERAL HOSPITAL: WARD No. 18.

Mrs. Richard Chamberlain appears in Background.



NO. 2 GENERAL HOSPITAL: OFFICERS AND DOCTORS.



WOUNDED FROM BELMONT, GRAS PAN, MODDER RIVER, AND MAGERSFONTEIN.



"GOD SPEED THE C.I.V.!: DEPARTURE OF THE SECOND DETACHMENT OF THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS ON JANUARY 26.

THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

The Honourable Artillery Company was one of the first bodies of Volunteers to offer aid in the field to the Regular Forces of the Queen in South Africa. It set the example, since so conspicuously followed all over the land, and it did not content itself with the promise to provide a battery. Out of its available strength of 600 more than 500 men expressed their willingness to give personal service.



LIUTENANT B. MOELLER, C.I.V.
(Commanding Mounted Detachment, H.A.C.).

Moreover, former members of the force in and out of the country offered to rejoin in case of need. So importunate was one such candidate that he sent two letters and a telegram to three officers of the company, begging to be replaced on the active list. A gunner, now in Christchurch, New Zealand, cabled for a notification that he was wanted; so did someone in Russia. "Please withdraw application for leave of absence," was the message telegraphed by a private. Such is the spirit of this particular force, yet not, as events have everywhere proved, its monopoly. In another sense the Honourable Artillery Company has had a certain priority, inasmuch as its Lieut.-Colonel, Lord Denbigh, has on two occasions made speeches indicating that a far greater measure of support must henceforth be given by the Government to the Volunteer Forces of the country. These must no longer

be merely tolerated, Lord Denbigh says; they must be encouraged. A Great Power must not attempt to run its army as cheaply as a sixth-rate Power safely may; and Lord Denbigh insists that this war, among its other lessons, will teach us to increase our expenditure vastly, not on the Regular Army only, but also on the Auxiliary Forces. Lord Denbigh speaks as one having authority; for he has had varied experiences as a Royal Artilleryman who has served in Egypt and India, as a present member of the Upper House and a former candidate for the Lower one, as a Lord-in-Waiting on the Queen, as a London County Councillor, and as the officer in command of the Honourable Artillery Company since 1893.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Professor Shuttleworth, after an illness lasting four months, is now recruiting his strength at the seaside. He is, however, apparently still far from well, and is not allowed to attend to any correspondence. It is unlikely that he will be fit for duty before April or May.

The *Church Times* correspondent in the Midlands complains bitterly of the long holidays which the Bishop of Worcester takes during the winter. While the health of some of the most hard-working and self-sacrificing of his priests is breaking down under stress of work and anxiety for the general good, their diocesan calmly leaves his charge in commission for the entire Christmas season, and is taking his ease, with what dignity he may, in Rome, of all places in the Catholic world.

The letters of the war-correspondents show how admirably the chaplains of all denominations have behaved on the field of battle and in the besieged towns. Mr. Hill, the Anglican chaplain, and Mr. Lowry, the Wesleyan, seem to have especially distinguished themselves in Lord Methuen's battles. Splendid service has been rendered by Archdeacon Barker in Ladysmith. His stirring words at the thanksgiving service after the victory of Jan. 6 must have inspired every soldier in his audience, from General White down to the youngest private.

The Duke of Newcastle strongly supports Lord Halifax and the majority of the English Church Union against the more moderate section headed by the Rev. Allen Whitworth. At a meeting of East London branches of the Union, his Grace remarked, "You cannot satisfy a hungry wolf with a penny bun," and Protestant agitators would not be satisfied with the giving up of incense. Many had given in, he said, who ought to have known better; if only they would stand firm it would all come right in the end.

The retirement of Dr. Guinness Rogers takes effect at the end of this month. His closing sermon will be preached next Sunday. Dr. Rogers is giving a course of lectures in the Dutch Church, Austin Friars, on "Congregationalist

History in the Nineteenth Century." These addresses have been delivered with remarkable vigour, and it is probable that in his retirement Dr. Rogers will still be able to undertake much pulpit and platform work.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has been hard at work all through the Christmas holidays. His first engagement was at Tenterden Church, which is famous in connection with the legend "that the steeple of Tenterden Church was



SERGEANT G. J. O'CONNELL, C.I.V.
(Mounted Detachment, H.A.C.).

the cause of the Goodwin Sands," and which has lately been refurnished and redecored through the gift of the late Colonel Dampier-Palmer. The Archbishop conducted the dedication service, and preached the sermon. After a busy week at Lambeth, he set out last Saturday for Plymouth, where he addressed the large congregation on the work of Church Extension. In the extent and frequency of his journeyings Dr. Temple is a true successor of the Apostles.

Dr. R. F. Horton is to visit Oxford on every Sunday in February, and will preach in the chapel of Mansfield College. Londoners may, therefore, hope to have an opportunity of hearing Principal Fairbairn during that month. Mr. Horne, of Kensington, is also among the Mansfield College preachers for the Lent term. V.

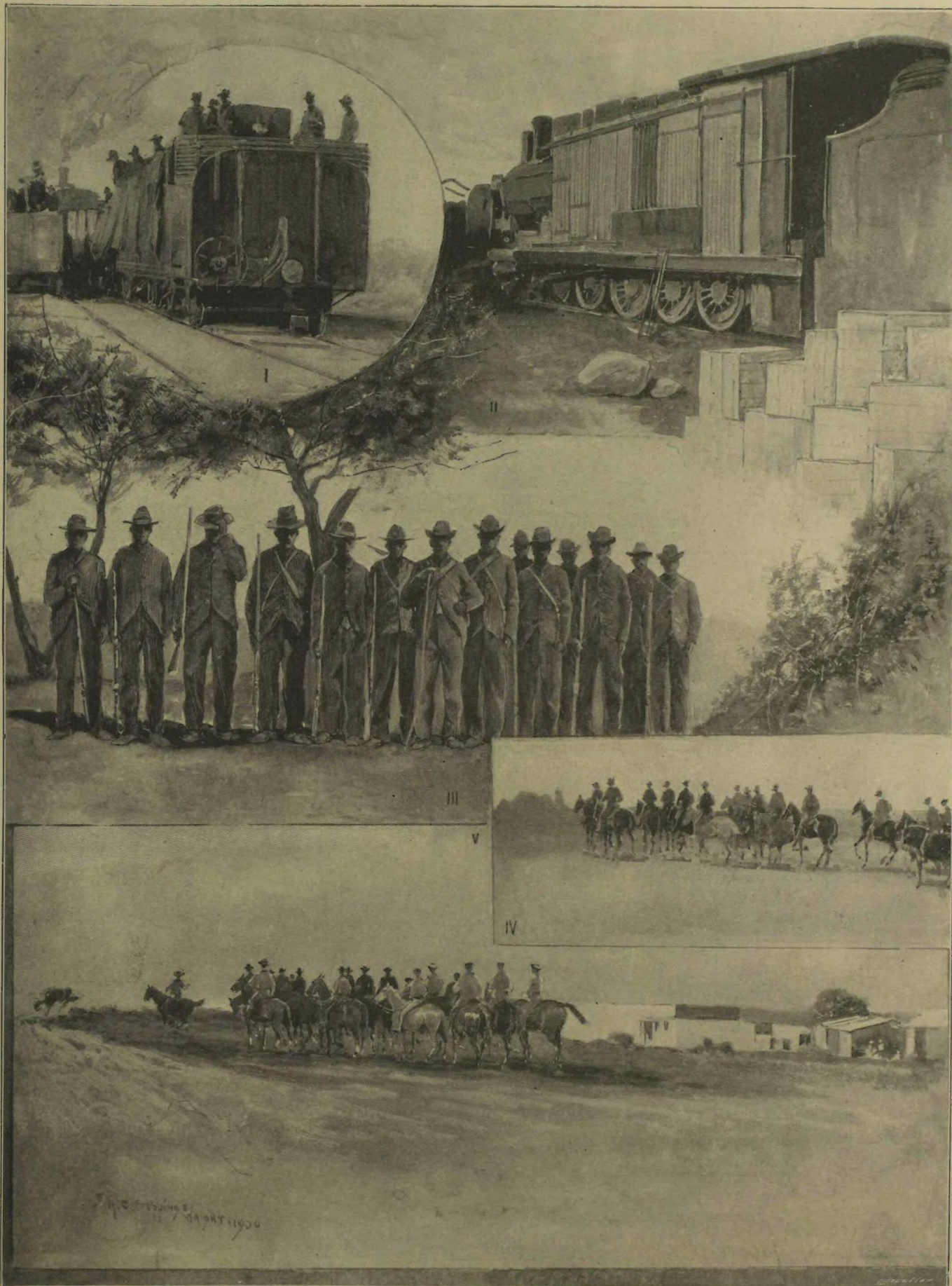


REPRESENTATIVES OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY IN THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS: THE MOUNTED DETACHMENT IN KHAKEI.

Photographed just before they started for South Africa by A. Weston.

THE WAR: OPERATIONS IN RHODESIA.

From Photographs supplied by Mr. R. B. Harris.



1. Armoured Train, with Maxim Gun.
4. A Picket at Tuli.

2. Armoured Train from Bulawayo.

3. Some of Khama's 1000 trained Soldiers now acting with us.

5. At Magalappe: A private Party of Volunteers (not in Imperial Service).

MAJOR BADEN-POWELL'S WAR-KITES.

Major B. F. S. Baden-Powell, of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, who distinguished himself at Belmont under Lord Methuen, is a great authority upon ballooning, and, when at home, is editor of the *Aeronautical Journal*. One may add, however, that he is never more at home than when he is in his basket raised from South African soil by war-kites of his own invention. When the British Association lately heard of this new apparatus, and saw the Major and his friends raised aloft by means of five hexagonal kites, they little knew how soon it would be put to the test in the field. The Major will, no doubt, tell his own story of success in some future number of his own journal. Meanwhile, we may refer to the impressions he brought away, only in October last, from a visit to General Count Zeppelin's German dockyard, wherein was being built a wonderful ship, as large as our battle-ships, but so lightly constructed that it will, with the help of balloons, move through air instead of through water. Aluminium is the metal mostly used in the construction, and the speed of travel aimed at is something over twenty miles an hour. So enthusiastic a beholder was the Major that he came away with the conviction that "wars in the future will without doubt be decided in the air," and that the "plateaus of the Pamirs, the defiles of the North-West Frontier, the swamps of the Upper Nile, even Mafeking and the tablelands of the Transvaal, will become as accessible as New York." Be this as it may, there is no doubt about the special accent of interest attaching to this allusion, made last October, to Mafeking, the defence of which must always be associated with the name of another member of Major Baden-Powell's family, who has won the admiration of the world by his determined stand against the Boers.



MAJOR B. F. S. BADEN-POWELL (SCOTS GUARDS) AND HIS WAR-KITES.

THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS.

The second batch of the City Imperial Volunteers, which left London for South African service last Saturday morning, had the advantage of experiences gained by the send-off at the departure of their comrades a week earlier. Eight hundred strong, they assembled on the previous morning at the headquarters of the London Scottish and the Queen's Westminster, Buckingham Gate, under the command of the Adjutant, Captain the Hon. J. Bailey. The march to the Guildhall, where their kit-bags awaited them, and where the Freedom of the City was given to those who had not already received it, was made amid the cordial cheers of the crowds of lookers-on. On their return to headquarters the men at once emptied out the contents of their kit-bags and exchanged their various coloured uniforms for the veritably uniform khaki. With no tables to sit upon or lean against, such as their predecessors had at Bunhill Row a week before, the transformation from black and green and grey into drab was rather slowly effected. In their new attire, the City Imperial Volunteers paid last visits to their friends, and then met in the evening for parade, and attended a farewell service in St. Paul's, where they had the assistance of a mighty congregation, and where were repeated once more the impressive scenes and words of the week before. The congregation included the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Earl of Albemarle, and Colonel Mackinnon. After service there was a supper, at which some six hundred men sat down in the great hall at Lincoln's Inn, and the remainder were the guests of the Benchers of Gray's Inn. The Lord Mayor attended the Gray's Inn feast, and in obedience to his call, three deafening cheers were given for the Queen by her departing soldiers. His Lordship accompanied the troops to Southampton.



THE C.I.V. GETTING INTO KHAKI FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE LONDON SCOTTISH HEADQUARTERS.

Photo. Argyl Archer